HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XLII.—No. 2174.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1898.
TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

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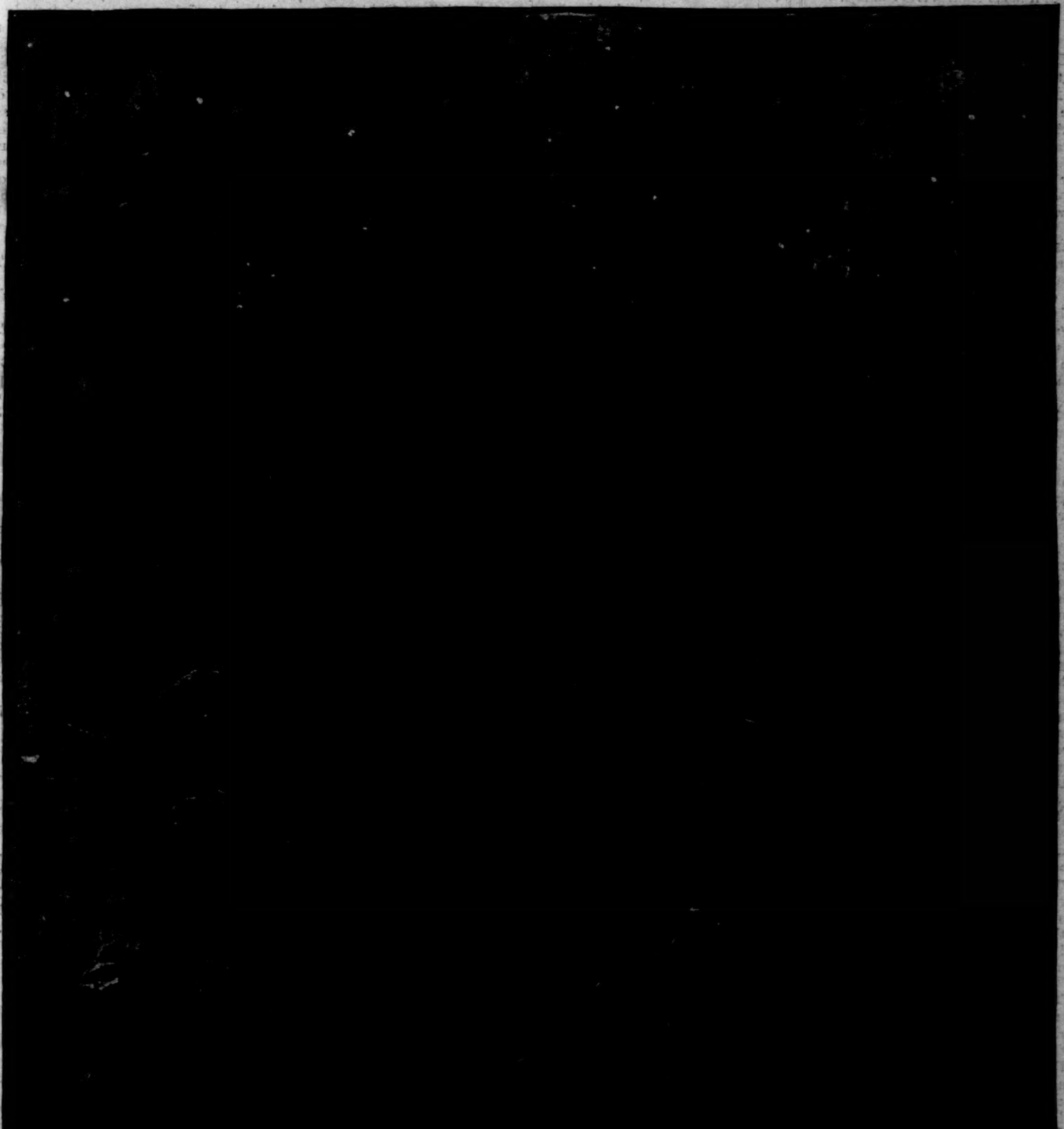


THROUGH THE JUCARO-MORON TROCHA UNDER FIRE.

Drawn by F. Luis Mora from a Sketch by Clyde D. V. Hunt, Special Correspondent for "Harper's Weekly" with the Insurgent Forces.

[See Page 813.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY
(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)
NEW YORK CITY, AUGUST 20, 1898

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS
New York City: Franklin Square

This Paper is the best Pictorial History of the War with Spain, as it was of the War of 1861. Its Special Artists and Correspondents have followed the Army and Navy, and notable Events in Washington and elsewhere have been accurately portrayed.

Messrs. RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM *and* T. DART WALKER *are at Puerto Rico,* Messrs. FRANK D. MILLET, JOHN F. BASS, *and* O. K. DAVIS *are in Manila or on their way thither, and* Mr. HAROLD MARTIN *is at Santiago.*

THE war is ended. The protocol was signed at the White House on Friday, August 12, at 4.23 P.M. The army and navy of the United States have won great glory. The value of American institutions as the builders of strong and self-reliant character has been fully demonstrated. The place of the nation among strong powers has been fixed. Now come the hard tests of peace, when our politicians will have the opportunity to show that they are worthy of our sailors and soldiers.

THE Philadelphia *Press* asserts that some of the old machine legislators of Pennsylvania are to be defeated because of their obedience to the machine. One of the weak and evil things about Pennsylvania politics is that the Republican party of the State contents itself with breaking unimportant parts of the machine, which are easily repaired with as bad material, while the machine as a whole remains to oppress and disgrace the State.

GOVERNOR BLACK'S canal commission has reported that the $9,000,000 appropriated for the repair of the canals has been wasted and stolen. The officials responsible for the waste and thieving are men for whom both BLACK and PLATT are in turn responsible. BLACK is reported to be discouraged by the revelations, and as contemplating a declination of a renomination. In other words, he fears that PLATT and his machine will not give it to him. This is not because the Republican machine of the State desires to punish any one for the robbery of the canal fund, but because it regards the Governor whose commission brought out the disgraceful facts as too much of a fool for its purposes.

THE discussion as to whether Admiral SAMPSON or Commodore SCHLEY is entitled to the credit and the substantial reward for the destruction of CERVERA'S fleet seems to us to have been settled by the convincing letter which we published last week. Nevertheless, Secretary LONG'S contribution to the discussion is valuable, and it is doubtless pleasant to Admiral SAMPSON to realize that the head of the navy appreciates the worth of his services to the country. Mr. LONG'S letter is a private one, but it was evidently intended for publication, and as an answer to many critics of Admiral SAMPSON, who have been stirred into activity by Commodore SCHLEY'S over-zealous friends. In rendering this service to Admiral SAMPSON, Mr. LONG also renders a service to the country, to which injustice to this worthy officer, to whose preparations and vigilance we owe the destruction of Spain's fleet, would have brought shame.

THE Irish Local Government bill has passed the House of Commons and the House of Lords, and is now a law. Its speedy enactment into law was certain, as the question of opposition by the Lords had been already settled by an understanding with Conservative and Unionist peers. Nationalists accept it as a half-way house to home-rule; Liberals look upon it as a direct result of the interest in Ireland's welfare which had been excited by Mr. GLADSTONE'S advocacy; Conservatives seem to view it with some misgiving, while congratulating themselves on the indefinite shelving of a dangerous question; and Liberal-Unionists find much satisfaction in the fact that the bill, while granting a large measure of local self-government, denies all claim of separate political existence to Ireland. There is no doubt that the law is as complete a democratization of county affairs as could be wished for by the Irish. The influence and offices which for generations have belonged to the landlords are now thrown open to the people, and their representatives will sit in county boards and councils, and will share or control their management. Candidates will be elected on a very liberal franchise, and it is significant of an awakened common interest and healthy contention that several landlords have already decided to solicit popular support for office. The change will give the Irish an excellent chance of proving their fitness for the larger measure of self-government which they are striving for.

AUSTRALIAN federation seems to be narrowed down at present to a dispute between New South Wales and the three colonies which voted in favor of the Commonwealth bill—Victoria, Tasmania, and South Australia. It is now known that the opposition of New South Wales is more provisional than a matter of settled policy, and that the requisite vote was withheld by reason of the onerous conditions which the federal pact would have imposed upon that colony in respect to taxation and revenue. The bill provides for a uniform customs tariff for the new federation, and this would compel the abandonment of the free-trade policy of New South Wales, whose taxes are mainly derived from land and income, while those of the other voting colonies are based on excise and customs. Though willing to relinquish her fiscal system in behalf of federal unity, the parent colony objects to paying more than a fair share in making good the revenue deficiencies of the others. All the colonies except New South Wales are protectionist, with border duties against one another as well as the outside world. In the new scheme they would lose all revenue from these duties, while New South Wales has comparatively little to lose. Under the provisions of the bill the latter colony is to have a proportionate share of surplus federal revenue returned to her in case there should be any after meeting the cost of the federal government; but before such cost is met and a surplus declared the revenue deficiencies of the protectionist colonies must also be made good, and the only resource is the tax funds of New South Wales. In addition to the financial difficulty, there is a strong party in the latter colony which favors a constitutional amendment changing the proposed equal representation of the colonies in the Senate. Advices state that New South Wales and Queensland are likely to combine in the attempt to secure better terms, but there is no talk of a settled resolve to defeat federation. The present movement is only a temporary check. The centripetal forces are too strong, and will triumph by the grant of local concessions now demanded.

THE discussion as to who is responsible for the lack of medical supplies and surgeons in Cuba goes on with increasing vigor. Secretary ALGER lays the fault at the door of the Medical Department, and the department insists that the fault was General SHAFTER'S, while the last mentioned denies all blame. The Medical Department is the most precise in its denial of responsibility and in its evidence in its own behalf, and this counts for something in its favor. Captain and Assistant-Surgeon EDWARD L. MUNSON, who was on duty as adjutant to the chief surgeon of the Fifth Corps, has made a report to Surgeon-General STERNBERG. He avers that abundance of medical stores were placed on board the transports at Tampa, and that they were properly, even skilfully, organized for emergencies. There were, besides the hospital-ship supplies, regimental supplies. He says that when the expedition reached Cuba the landing was made so hastily that the medical supplies were left on board the ships, and that General SHAFTER himself interfered with a belated attempt to land them, and succeeded in stopping it. When the surgeons reached the shore they found themselves without their field chests, and with "absolutely no resources at hand except such as were provided by the orderly and ship corps pouches and the first-aid packets carried by the soldiers." The half-emptied ships with their supplies had in the mean time put back to sea. At Las Guasimas there were actually "no dressings, hospital tentage, or supplies of any kind on shore within reach of the surgeons already landed." The Quartermaster's Department, Surgeon MUNSON says, refused to aid in any way, and the captains of transport steamers refused to obey the orders of the medical men. The question of responsibility seems to have narrowed down to one between the Medical Department on the one hand, and General SHAFTER and the Quartermaster's Department on the other. Whoever is guilty ought to be punished, but responsibility in the end must rest on Congress—unbusinesslike, cruelly indifferent Congress; and it is quite likely that no individual and no department of the army will suffer for the heinous wrongs that have been inflicted on our soldiers. Probably this reckless, haphazard, headless, lucky campaign affords an illustration of what we are to expect whenever the republic makes war, and so long as the army is commanded by politicians.

THE President, in seeking public opinion on the subject of the retention of the Philippines, has undertaken a most difficult task. Probably by following the dictates of his own common-sense he would adopt the best possible method to satisfy the public conscience and public opinion. It is interesting to note that the feeling in favor of the retention of the islands is not so strong as it was, and that a contemplation of the difficulties in the way of governing them, and of the possibilities of still greater difficulties in the future, have sobered some minds and substituted doubt in others. Some New York newspapers profess very decided opinions in favor of the retention of the islands, but we do not believe that they represent this community. On the other hand, most of the influential newspapers of Boston, and many of the soundest papers of the rest of the country, are strongly opposed to any further departure from the wise traditions of the country. A significant utterance is that of the Philadelphia *Press*, Postmaster-General SMITH'S newspaper. It says, "The Philippines as a whole the United States does not hold, has not conquered, and could not acquire save after tedious weeks of operations by land and sea." Then it states their commercial unimportance. The Kansas City *Times*, Democratic, says, truly, "If the United States is the leader of the world in advancing civilization to higher levels, it should not teach that the constant centralization of political power at home and the acquisition of foreign territory by force of arms are conducive to the broadening and deepening of human liberty." The Pittsburg *Dispatch* is inclined to think that the President will find that the "United States does not wish to burden itself with a population not only exotic, but antipodal in every respect." The San Francisco *Call* believes that the taking of the Philippines would be "contrary to the spirit of the Constitution." The Boston *Transcript* proclaims that Massachusetts "will not consent to be the ruler over vassal states or subject peoples. She will enter upon no mad career of empire in distant seas. She will not seek to force her trade upon unwilling peoples at the cannon's mouth." There are some Republican Senators, too, who read the signs of the times. Senator HOAR voted for the annexation of Hawaii, but he will not vote for annexation of the Philippines. Even the bellicose Senator MASON is against further expansion; and, most marvellous of all, Senator MORGAN wants to stop. The longer this question of keeping the Philippines is discussed, the less likely are we to be taken in the net spread out for us by the English Jingoes. As we have said already, our real friends in England do not want to see us cumber ourselves with the new Eastern question, but the English Jingo who wants to fight Russia to-morrow is very anxious to coax us into a position where we would probably be compelled to take a hand in the conflict.

THE COST AND VALUE OF THE PHILIPPINES TO THE UNITED STATES.

THE President has apparently made hard terms of peace for Spain, but when they are finally accepted they will be found to be greatly to the material advantage of that unfortunate kingdom. Even with the obligation of the enormous Cuban debt resting upon her, she will be better off without the island than in recent years she has been with it; for, with or without Cuba, Spain is the real debtor, and must provide for the principal and interest of the Cuban bonds, while her income from the island has lately been insufficient for her needs there. Without her colonies Spain's resources will not be so large as they have been, but the annual charges will be so greatly reduced that her net income will be greater than for many years past. She will be relieved immensely by the termination of her colonial obligations. She will have fewer captains-general to support, and the cost of her military establishments will be reduced. It is not probable that she will imitate the example of France, and enter upon the expensive task of recreating a navy and reorganizing her army for the purposes of revenge, for the general attitude of the nation is that of hopelessness, and consequently of indifference. Indeed, there is reason to believe that the Spaniards are so crushed by their overwhelming defeat that there is not enough spirit among them to sustain the revolt that has been so long anticipated as the inevitable consequence of any peace involving the cession of Spanish territory. On the whole, then, while Mr. MCKINLEY'S demands seem harsh to Europe, the waiver of a money indemnity makes them really light, while the surrender of her colonies, either to us or to the natives of the different islands, will relieve Spain of a burden which must have eventually crushed her. Without her colonies she will have a chance to recuperate—a chance, it is true, of which she may have neither the industry nor the patience to avail herself.

The question of most importance that is left open for discussion in the negotiations for a definitive treaty of peace is as to the final disposition of the Philippines, and this, as we said last week, is now a practical question. Most of our information concerning these islands is crude and insufficient. Even the number of the islands is not accurately known, some writers placing it at 1400, while one at least puts it as low as 600. The population is between 8,000,000 and 9,000,000. However that may be, we do know that the islands are inhabited chiefly by savages who do not now yield obedience to Spain, many of them not knowing of her existence, much less of her overlordship; and while the lands may be rich and exploitable, their cultivation, after the natives had been subdued by us, would have to be carried on under the protecting guns of the army and the navy. The force of troops necessary for the task of subjugation has been variously estimated by military authorities as ranging from 50,000 to 150,000 men, according as they contemplated the reduction of Manila and Luzon alone or the entire group of islands. Now the pay alone of 50,000 men would be about $30,000,000 a year, and for 150,000, therefore, about $90,000,000. If we add the expenditures incidental to the maintenance of foreign military posts and to the conduct of war, we should find the annual cost of troops alone for the reduction of Manila and Luzon running perilously near $50,000,000, while the cost of a force for the reduction of the whole archipelago would certainly reach $100,000,000. For the retention of the islands 30,000 men at least would be needed. It may be answered that this estimate of the number of troops that would be required for the retention of the islands is excessive; but we do not think so, for the reason that the annexation of the Philippine Islands would make the United States a party to the struggle for the division of China. In fact, it is argued as a principal reason for the retention of the Philippines that our presence there, with arms in our hands, will protect and expand our commercial interests in China. And while it might be that this country would not voluntarily take part in the partition of that empire, and while our interests would be more valuable in China than they now are if she were under the control of the great European powers, it is clear that warlike Europe is in Asia at present, and that the danger is imminent of an outbreak in which every Asiatic power may have to participate for self-defence. At any rate, any Asiatic power, such as the United States would be if we were in control of Luzon or of all the Philippines, would be supremely foolish not to be prepared for the most direful of emergencies. Great Britain's forces in Asia and in South and East Africa, which are available in Asia, number about 90,000 men. So that we are probably within bounds in asserting that this country will be obliged to maintain a force of at least 30,000 men in the Pacific if it is to play any part in Eastern affairs. The mere pay of this force would add about $17,000,000 to our regular army expenditures, and we may safely add $3,000,000 more for the expenditures of the Commissary, Quartermaster, Medical, and Ordnance departments. To the cost of reducing the island and to the $20,000,000 of constant annual expenditure that would be required for the maintenance of the troops of the Department of the Pacific we must add at least $10,000,000 annual increase to our naval expenditures, so that the Philippines would cost us from $60,000,000 to $110,000,000 a year, until their savage inhabitants were reduced to subjection, and afterwards about $30,000,000 a year for the defence of our Asiatic interests.

Now what would the people of the United States gain from this enormous expenditure, which would make necessary the continuance of the war taxes?—for the government can only procure money by taxation. Some revenue would be derived, of course, from the Philippines. Under Spanish rule taxation is very heavy, and the revenue received from the islands is about $13,500,000. The United States might obtain $15,000,000 of revenue by reason of better and more honest administration of the tax laws. From this sum must be deducted the cost of the civil service, of the post-office, of the administration of justice, and of other functions of government. The net revenue received by Spain from the islands is less than $300,000. Let us suppose that the United States would receive at least $10,000,000 over the actual expense of holding the islands, not counting the increased cost of the army and navy. Deducting this annual contribution of $10,000,000 from the cost of the military services, the people of this country, then, would be obliged to pay in taxes from $50,000,000 to $100,000,000 a year while we were engaged in subjugating the natives, and $20,000,000 a year afterwards, on account of the Philippines. The last sum is nearly as great as the total value of all the exports of the islands in 1896, which reached the sum of $20,756,250, and nearly twice as great as the total value of the imports, which in the same year amounted to $10,937,500. These values are approximate, but they are those of "The Statesman's Year Book" for 1898. The figures that we are certain of are those of our own Bureau of Statistics concerning our trade with the Philippines. These show that for the fiscal year 1898, ending on the 30th of June, the value of our exports to the Philippines amounted to $127,804, and of our imports thence to $3,830,415. In other words, it is proposed to tax the people of this country to an amount ranging from $20,000,000 to $100,000,000 a year in order that some private persons in this country, some of whom may not even be citizens, shall conduct under the American flag a trade which, all told, has not over an annual value of quite $4,000,000, and the profits on which may possibly reach $1,000,000. "But it may be increased by reason of our rule," say the expansionists. Let us suppose that this is true, and that we exchange places with Great Britain, what then will be our advantage; what then will flow into the pockets of private persons from the prize for whose maintenance the tax-payers will be paying at least $20,000,000 a year? In 1896 the total British imports from the Philippine Islands was valued by the Board of Trade at $7,682,665, while the exports from Great Britain to the islands were $2,538,005. This, we fancy, is as well as any nation can do in trade with the Philippines, and if we could absorb Great Britain's trade with the islands, until we actually took her place commercially, we would buy with our $20,000,000 an annual commerce of a little more than $10,000,000, and sell to the Philippines $2,500,000 of our products.

"But," again say the expansionists, "we will increase the whole of our trade in the East by reason of our occupation of the Philippines." That will be impossible, of course, unless we change our commercial policy and invite importations, or unless we take our share of China and bring it within the sphere of our free-trade system. But, as a matter of fact, our export trade with China, which constitutes nearly half of our export trade with the whole of Asia and Oceanica—more than two-thirds of it if we exclude our trade with Australasia, which will not be affected by anything that can possibly happen touching the Philippines—is about $30,500,000 a year, while Great Britain sells to China each year produce of the United Kingdom of the value of nearly $43,000,000. Therefore, even if our possession of the Philippines should result in giving us a commerce with China and the islands equal to that of the British Empire, the increase in the value of the goods that our producers would sell to the Philippines and China combined would not begin to equal the amount of the tax that our people would pay for the support of the additions to the army and navy made necessary by our retention of the islands.

It seems perfectly clear from this brief and necessarily unsatisfactory examination of the economical aspects of this question that the annexation of the Philippines would be supreme folly. From the material point of view we would lose money, and our tax-payers would pay exorbitantly for the small profit of a few favored individuals. Without regard to the great moral and political questions involved, without regard to the proposition that we, a democracy, shall exercise despotic rule over an alien people without their consent, that we shall take away from Spain territory that we have practically promised to leave untouched, the shrewd and businesslike American people will be the laughing-stock of practical business men the world over if they finally insist on the acquisition of a commerce which may possibly make an annual market of from $2,500,000 to $16,000,000 worth of our products at a yearly cost to the country of at least $20,000,000.

ECONOMICS OF THE LIQUOR PROBLEM.

Doubtless an investigation of the results of the drink habit on employees in various industries would have a high economic value if it embraced a sufficient number of facts, and if it estimated with some degree of accuracy the variable conditions due to differences of character and temperament. The Department of Labor at Washington has issued its twelfth annual report, in which this phase of the liquor problem is treated on the basis of an investigation conducted in co-operation with a large number of employers. The points on which light was sought were, broadly speaking, concerned with the consideration which is given to the drinking habits of the seeker for employment and the means used in judging his fitness. The various industries in which those who indulge in intoxicants are not employed were considered, as well as the reasons for such exclusion from employment. The opinions and experience of employers were also investigated as to the use of liquors by employees subject to night work, overwork, exposure, irregular hours, and shorter hours of labor. The relation between pay-days, holidays, and Sundays and over-indulgence in intoxicants was also considered, and, finally, the means suggested by employers as best calculated to lessen the consumption of intoxicants were examined.

Of the 30,414 employers to whom schedules containing questions on the above points were addressed, 6091 replied, reporting a total list of 1,745,923 employees. Manufacturing industries reported 3700 establishments and 1,011,661 employees, while 713 transportation companies reported 458,764 employees. In other industries a fairly representative number of establishments and employees reported. It should be noted that less than one-fourth of the whole number of employers replied to the inquiries addressed to them.

As was expected, the results of the investigation showed many differences in the point of view from which existing evils were sought to be remedied. Of 7000 employers, 5363 reported that means were employed to ascertain the practice of employees in regard to intoxicants. The largest proportion of these were connected with transportation companies, where sobriety is a matter of the highest importance; and the two predominant reasons given were "to guard against accidents" and "responsibility of position." More than one-half of the establishments reporting require, in certain occupations and under certain conditions, that employees shall not use intoxicants, while the remainder make no such requirement.

In regard to the use of liquor by those engaged in night work, statistics will correct the prevalent impression that more drinking is done than by those who work during the day. Out of 1659 establishments employing night workers, only 141 stated that more liquor was drunk than by day workers, while 1460 reported less consumption among night workers than among day workers. Equally surprising and contradictory of the usual belief are the facts in regard to employees subject to overwork, exposure, and irregular employment. These unusual conditions, according to the testimony of a very large majority of establishments consulted, were not accompanied by any greater use of intoxicants than among those habituated to regular hours and more favorable conditions. There is here excellent material for consideration by those who have often based a certain class of arguments on premises which at least need revision. There is nothing unusual about the findings of the Labor Commission in regard to the increase of drinking immediately after pay-days and on holidays. It is human nature that a full purse should begin to be emptied a little liberally at first, and that its contents should disappear more slowly as the next pay-day is approached. By far the most interesting feature of the replies concerned the inquiry as to the best means of lessening liquor-drinking among the people. Prohibition was suggested by 1103 establishments, while 1687 reported in favor of the non-employment of drinking men, high license, education, abolition of saloons, and local option. A great deal of the evil due to intoxicants is set down to the treating habit, whose contagious viciousness and seductive influence are denounced in many of the reports as the chief obstacles to the desired reform.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

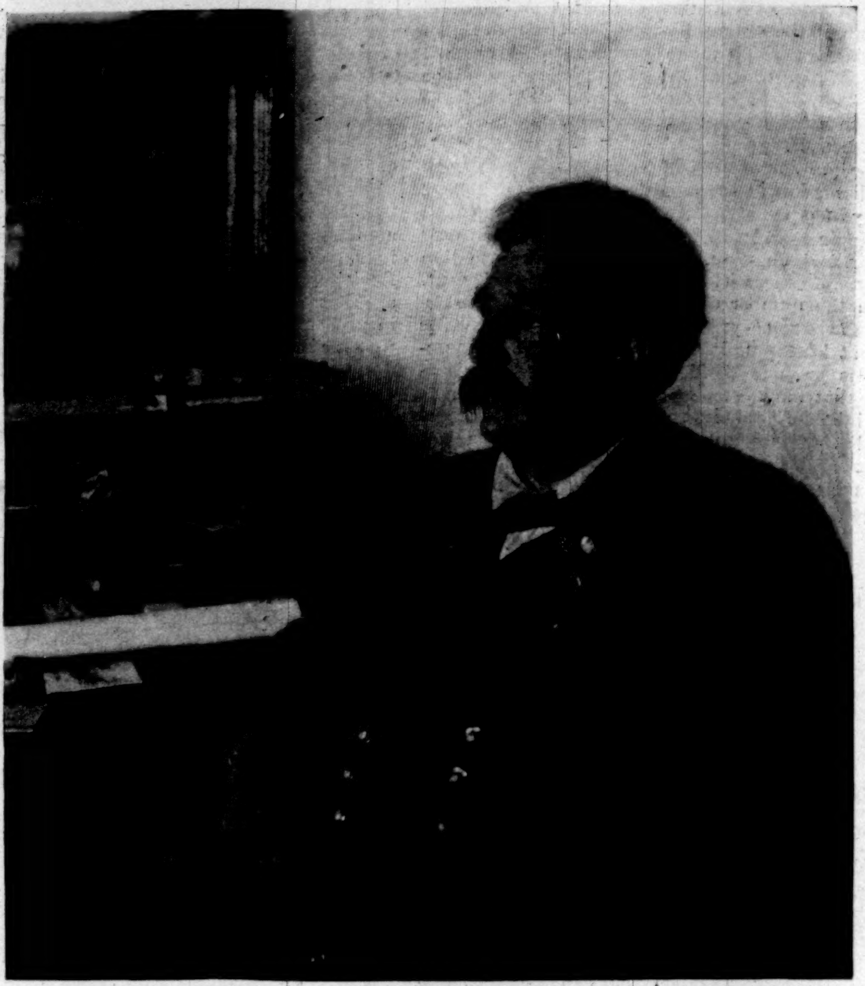
Thursday, August 4.—Five United States volunteer regiments, immunes, have been ordered to Santiago for garrison duty. The Spanish prisoners (many of these also the worse for Santiago fever) will be taking their departure in a few days if the Spanish Transatlantic Company lives up to its agreement. And so Shafter's army is "relieved." Its transports "will sail for New York as fast as the men can be comfortably embarked," a War Department bulletin announces to-day, and adds that "the rest at Montauk Point [Long Island] will prepare these seasoned troops for *the campaign against Havana, in which they will probably take part.*"

Friday, August 5.—General Miles says that the peace negotiations will not affect the march to San Juan. His very deliberate advance in overwhelming force is designed to make resistance seem useless, and so to prevent a sacrifice of lives—American or Spanish. Moreover, instead of chopping down the tree, it seems as well to take it as it stands, with all its fruit still growing. All the southern coast of Puerto Rico except the city of Guayama being securely held, landing parties are now taking possession of the eastern coast—at Cape San Juan and other

(*Continued on page 828.*)

ANTIQUATED BRASS CANNON USED BY SPANIARDS.

THE ONLY SPANISH CANNON DISMOUNTED BY THE AMERICAN FIRE.

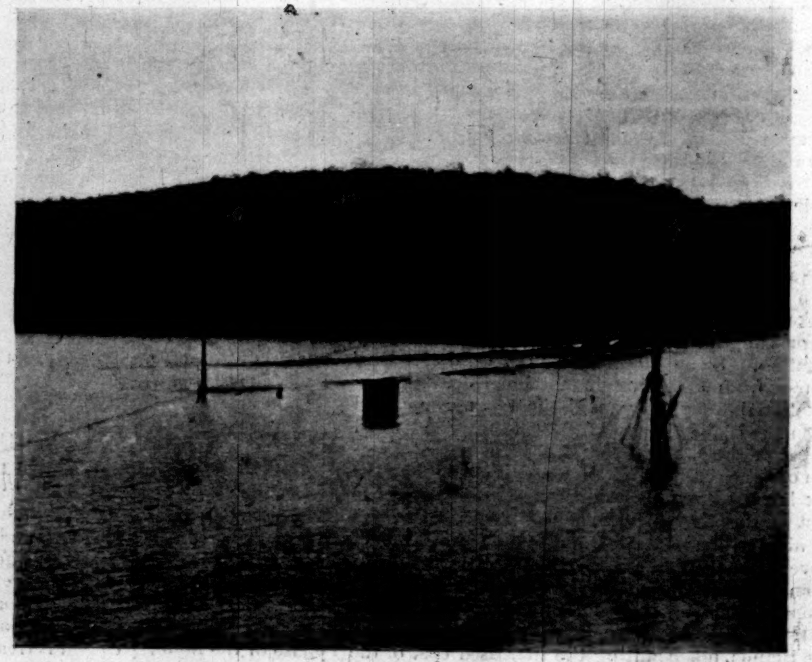


GENERAL SHAFTER ON BOARD THE TRANSPORT "SEGURANÇA."

THE RELIEF-SHIPS AT THE DOCKS IN SANTIAGO.

MAJOR-GENERAL J. FORD KENT.

ADMIRAL SAMPSON ON HORSEBACK.



THE SUNKEN "MERRIMAC"—LOG BOOMS, CARRYING MINES, IN THE REAR.

SANTIAGO—AFTER THE SURRENDER.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM DINWIDDIE.

GENERAL MENOCAL'S TROOPS THAT CROSSED THE TROCHA.

OUR PARTY AT THE LAST OUTPOST BEFORE RECROSSING THE TROCHA.

WITH THE CUBAN INSURGENTS.

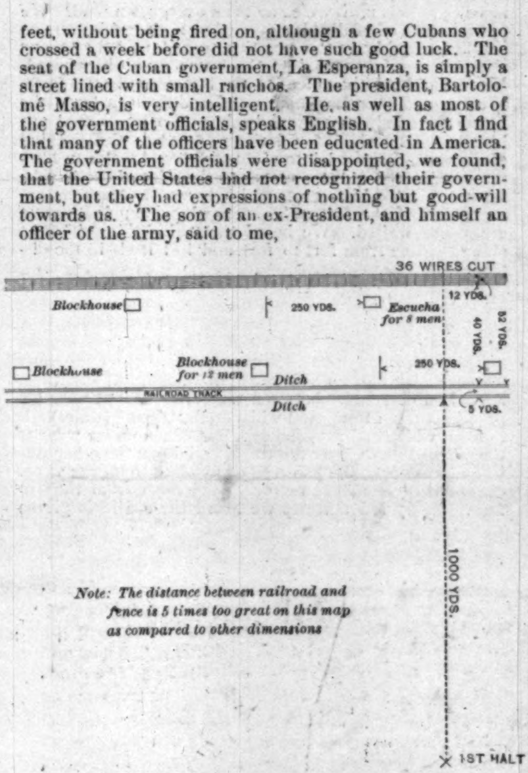
SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

THIS is a story of a trip of several hundred miles through Cuban forests, swamps, underbrush, and across trochas to the seat of the Cuban government, and also to General Gomez's camp, and finally back to the United States in an open boat, steering by the North Star by night and by the sun in the daytime. It reveals what campaigning in Cuba means. It shows the kind of a struggle the Cubans have been carrying on, and with what meagre resources they have fought, and also with what lasting hope they have persisted.

We left Banes port on May 29 last, and exactly one month later, after a march through the brush of 143 leagues, or 429 miles, reached La Esperanza, the seat of the Cuban government. As a rule, we broke camp about five o'clock in the morning, and rode fifteen or twenty-five miles, over bad trails and through the swamp, sometimes drinking a little "Cuba libre" (water and brown sugar), but oftener making the march on nothing. Our diet was chiefly plantains and bull beef. We often camped in little ranchos used by the soldiers, which were dirty and full of fleas, or else in the open, with our hammocks swung between trees. The country was beautiful with its large palms and deserted sugar-plantations. The region was bare of population, and there was little to indicate that it had been inhabited once, except now and then a rancho. On June 8 we passed within six miles of Holguin, where there were several thousand Spaniards quartered. The Spanish general had moved his headquarters from Gibara there, fearing a bombardment from the coast. The Spaniards were so frightened that they seldom left the city, unless they took several thousand men to go foraging. Most of the streams we crossed were sluggish, the water was colored from the decayed forest matter, and often we had no water except that which we got from small pools. In the trip thus far of 400 miles we had come across only three clear streams. The horses fared well on the tall native grass.

We soon learned that General Ducassi had been sent by General Gomez to General Garcia to bring two thousand men that had been armed and equipped by the well-known "Florida" expedition, but Garcia sent back word that, as he was about to make a demonstration, he could not spare them, much to the chagrin of Ducassi. We also found that the prefecturas were well organized, and carried on a government without much of any military force. For example, the general would send ahead a day in advance news that we were coming, a government post-courier being the messenger, and, as a rule, a bullock and plantains or sweet-potatoes would be ready on our arrival. It became known during the march that on Saturday, June 11, a Norwegian steamer, with six thousand sacks of provisions, arrived at Nuevitas, and the Spaniards were so delighted they all got drunk. The steamer had false French papers, and was intercepted twice by American gunboats and let go.

We crossed the line that runs from Puerto Principe to Nuevitas, which has small forts every three thousand feet, without being fired on, although a few Cubans who crossed a week before did not have such good luck. The seat of the Cuban government, La Esperanza, is simply a street lined with small ranchos. The president, Bartolomé Masso, is very intelligent. He, as well as most of the government officials, speaks English. In fact I find that many of the officers have been educated in America. The government officials were disappointed, we found, that the United States had not recognized their government, but they had expressions of nothing but good-will towards us. The son of an ex-President, and himself an officer of the army, said to me,



Note: The distance between railroad and fence is 5 times too great on this map as compared to other dimensions

THROUGH THE TROCHA UNDER FIRE.
Diagram Explanatory of Front Page Illustration.

"We know you Americans are smarter business men than we, and will own everything some day, but it can't be helped."

While we were at La Esperanza it was decided that General Menocal, who is a graduate of Cornell, should leave with a force of two hundred volunteers to try to cross the trocha and get to Gomez. No force had as yet crossed it on horseback. The general invited me to join his troopers, and on June 30 we set out for Vera Cruz, about twenty-five miles to the east of the Moron-Jucaro trocha, where we were to wait for darkness, and where we hoped to pass the trocha before the moon should come up. It was after we left Vera Cruz that our first thrilling adventure came. It was on the night of July 8 that we started, and encamped for the night at San Tomas, an outpost protected by General Agramonte's forces, that operate on the eastern side of the military trocha Moron-Jucaro The following day, before the sun was up, we resumed the march, stopping at Las Piedras at noon for breakfast. At two o'clock in the afternoon we were again in the saddle until half past five, when we halted in a *sabaneta* (small prairie) a mile distant from the Spanish military line, in order to feel for the enemy and profit by the last rays of light. After dusk we mounted in silence, and marched five hundred metres nearer the enemy. Instead of having a cloudy sky to protect us, the stars came out, and we were soon face to face with the question of victory or defeat under these disadvantageous circumstances.

Soon, breaking the silence of the night, we heard at a distance the baying of blood-hounds, the "*alerta*" of the sentinels, and the notes of the Spanish bugles as they sounded evening retreat. The fateful moment was at hand. Who knows or can tell the ideas that succeeded each other rapidly in the minds of the 200 men hiding and moving along by stealth? I can only say that in my immediate group, instead of sadness, we suffocated our laughter, cracked jokes, and commented on past and future events with real "mamby" (Spanish name for the insurgents) good-humor under our breaths. Five minutes, and then came the order,

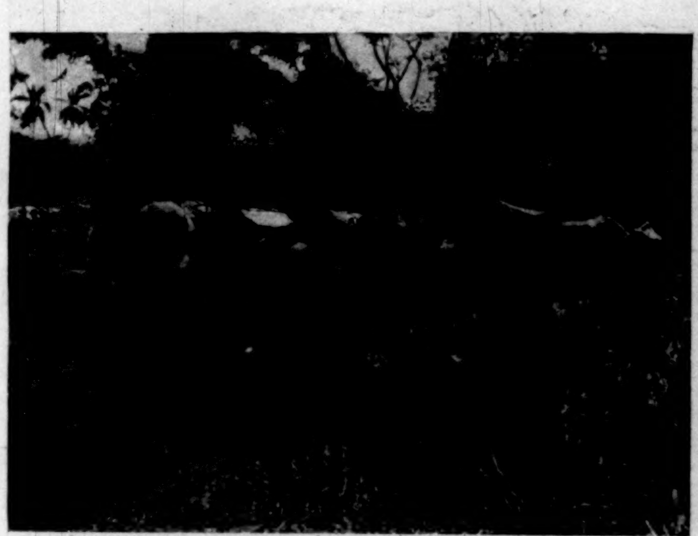
"Silence and mount!"

The column advanced slowly. The night allowed one to see distinctly forty metres ahead, but the men on white horses could be seen at from fifty to sixty metres. Soon we saw in the fence a breach seven yards wide through which we might pass without becoming entangled. Five men and half an hour's work had done the work of opening it. The line of march was in single file. First there was an advance-picket of four men; then came General Menocal with the chief of his staff and aides, and twenty-five men of the escort. After them there was a group of chiefs and officers, at the head of which we marched. We were followed by a squadron of cavalry, behind which was the pack train.

When the head of the column arrived at the railroad line, after having gone in a roundabout way, through the mistake of one of the guides, and when we were at the place on our path which was nearest the fort, there came the loud challenge from a vigilant sentinel:

"*Alto! Quien vive?*" (Halt! Who goes there?)

At once the Cuban infantry, which had been placed to the right and left of us, began firing. It was answered immediately by the Spaniards, who extended the shooting all along the line for two miles, and we received it from eight forts. The bullets swept toward us from all quarters, sharp and continued; probably 4000 rounds of ammunition were discharged. Having received orders not to respond, we moved on slowly and as quietly as possible. It



"DEPOSITORY" FOR HORSES OF GENERAL GOMEZ'S ARMY.

COROJO-NUTS.

seemed as though we had fallen into an ambush. The horses began to get restless, and from the slow walk soon changed to a canter. A few cowards turned back, causing great confusion among the pack-mules. But the rest continued their determined advance under the cross-fire of the Spanish rifles, and when we arrived at the edge of the woods we halted to wait for those who were yet behind.

We had forced our way through the military trocha of Jucaro-Moron, the first force to have done so since it had been strengthened. Several men were wounded, and Antoine Gomez, nephew of General Gomez, who bravely rode along with the troop after being shot through the abdomen, died soon after we stopped. Several of the horses were killed and others were wounded. The eight officers and thirty men in the pack-train who turned back probably escaped.

When we first came on General Gomez after crossing the trocha, he was moving back from the coast with the supplies that the "Florida" expedition had landed. He had about 3000 Cuban soldiers with him. In a few days he had less than 300 with him. Some had gone towards Havana, and others were in the province near La Demajagua, Sancti Spiritus, where Gomez was. Food was scarce, and many men could not be quartered in one place.

Lieutenant Johnson, U. S. A., who had fifty colored cavalry of the Tenth United States regulars with him, invited me to join his camp, so I soon was quartered there, within five minutes' riding distance of General Gomez. Johnson had supplies for sixty days.

Before meeting General Gomez I had heard many wonderful stories about him, and everybody I met seemed more or less afraid of him. It is said that he is a very early riser, and one morning before daybreak he called the sentry on watch, and ordered him to bring up some men he had heard talking. The sentry went, and returned, saying he could find no one up. The general again ordered him to bring the men to him. Thereupon the sentry awoke two officers sleeping in their hammocks, told them they were under arrest, and brought them to the general. A short time ago some one sent General Gomez a very beautiful tent from Paris. When it was put up the general looked at it and said:

"Yes; h'm, h'm! It is very pretty, but I do not need it. Why did they not send food?" He gave it to the officers, and they made hammocks of it.

After one meets General Gomez and the ice is broken, he finds a man of the most charming character. There is no one so respected in Cuba, and none of whom the people so stand in awe. With a few hundred men he has fought thousands of Spaniards. His men obey him implicitly. A few months ago, having taken a garrison of Spaniards, his starved and thirsty soldiers began to break into some casks of rum. Gomez at once stopped them, told them they were excited enough without drinking, put a guard around the rum, and said that he would have the first man shot who touched a drop. The casks were broken open and the rum was poured out upon the ground. Some ran down a little gutter where there happened to be the footprint of a mule, which caught a little. One soldier there was seen to sip it up. He paid the penalty with his life.

It had been decided by General Gomez that I should go to the United States with important messages, and the question came up as to the quickest way to get there. Some big guns had been heard off the northern coast, and in two days men would be back to report what the firing meant; but a special messenger was to cross the trocha on foot with despatches for the government the next day. The general thought the surest way for me to get out of Cuba would be by starting with the messenger. He said that President Masso would send me on at once by boat. At six o'clock on the morning of July 18 an officer called at my palm-leaf hut in Johnson's camp, and said the chief of despatches awaited me in General Gomez's camp. The general ordered his adjutant-general to give me several letters he had written, and Captain Gomez and myself mounted our horses and headed toward the trocha.

A league from camp we stopped at the hospital, which is a rancho, where there were half a dozen sick men in their hammocks. Apparently they had plenty to eat. We picked up two Cubans leading raw-backed horses, and together travelled on for the next fifteen miles, keeping our eyes open for any guerilla bands that might be about. While we were going through the woods one of the pacificos pointed to a new grave, and I asked whose it was. The Cuban said it was the grave of one of General Menocal's soldiers. It was the last resting-place of General Gomez's nephew, our comrade of a few days, who was killed as we crossed the trocha in the night. Soon we arrived at the forlorn rancho where he died. Then we floundered through a swamp for five miles, and we arrived at the place in the trocha where a small Cuban force on the west side watches the Spaniards.

The bravest practico of the force, one of the men who came over with Menocal and cut the wires, was there, and acted as our guide. After eating some mangoes we started on the last twelve miles before reaching the line. We took two men to bring our horses back. From the trocha we were to go on foot. At every opening we looked for possible ambush, and as the sun was setting we skirted a piece of woods until we came to an overgrown road. We felt our way carefully along the edge, not speaking to one another. Suddenly the practico turned sharply to one side, and we followed into the brush and dismounted. We could hear the voices of the Spaniards in the forts. We took off our hammocks and saddle-bags from the horses, our helpers started back, and we prepared our bundles and waited for darkness. When the evening gloom had deepened into night we shouldered our bundles and moved a little nearer to the edge of the woods, where, over the high grass and between the trees, we got a glimpse of the forts. There we lay down in the wet grass and waited. We heard the "*alerta!*" as it came along the line from fort to fort and lost itself in the distance.

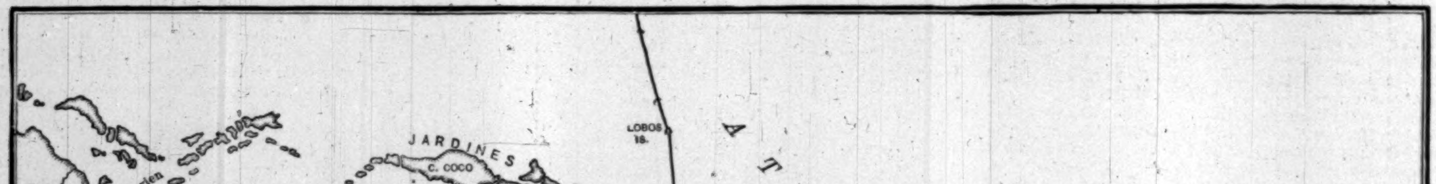
Then step by step we felt our way out into the open, to enable the practico to get his bearings on the forts. The stars were shining brightly, and we hid in the grass. A blue shirt was taken from a saddle-bag and tied around my hammock, the white color of which showed for some distance. In half an hour we started, and, like brigands, moved on diagonally between the forts. All at once the practico turned to me and whispered, "*Agua*" (water). I, in turn, whispered it to the captain. Then on we went to the railroad ditch, over the track, and down the other side into a swamp, trying as much as possible to let the water drain out of our boots before lifting them from the surface. Every few minutes we heard the sentinels giving the "*alerta!*" from the forts. That signal helped to give us our bearings. I counted as many signals as I could hear. There were eight coming towards us and four going away. The sentry in the fort to the left had a fine bass voice, and I was afraid all the time that he would discover us. Just about this time he sneezed three times, and I remember what confidence it gave us. He could not hear us take our feet out of the water while he was sneezing!

At last we came to the first line of barbed wire. It was only three feet high, and we pressed it down and stepped over. The succeeding ones were more difficult. They seemed to go from the top of one post to the bottom of another. Sometimes strands would start at one post and go zigzag in various directions. The water was up to our knees, but after a time we got over the wires. Then we came to a thicket; we could not pass through it, and we had to go around it. Soon we passed the wood, and picked our way along parallel to the forts, and finally struck a trail without being fired upon. It was worth the work and long suspense, just for the satisfaction of not getting hit. Another league, and we tied up our hammocks, wet through and through, but we went to sleep fagged out. The next day before daylight we walked ten miles to a rancho, where we got something to eat.

After arriving at the seat of government, I delivered my letters and asked the Secretary of War, Colonel Sterling, when I could leave for the United States. He told me I could go at once. After lunching with him, and after a chat with President Masso, I left for the coast, which is forty-five miles from the government. On July 25 we left Guanaja in a twenty-three-foot sailing-boat, with three men. At nine o'clock in the evening we hoisted sail and passed through the narrow channel of mango-bushes, keeping a good lookout for any Spanish boats. The Spaniards have a garrison of forty men at the semaphore ten miles off, and the officer in charge of our escort told us that two boats with Spaniards went along the coast at sunset. At the mouth of the creek our boat ran aground. The men all jumped overboard and pushed her off, notwithstanding the sharks. This process was gone through with several times before we came to open water. At 7 A. M. on July 26 we arrived at Cayo Palo (Spanish for Pigeon Key). After breakfast we weighed anchor and made for Confites, where there is a deserted hut and flagpole. We hoisted a blanket to attract a steamer going by at a distance, but did not succeed. Owing to a dead headwind, we decided to spend the night there.

The next morning we headed our little craft towards Lobus Light, one of the Bahamas, and after taking on water, put off with a half-hurricane blowing. We had a very rough voyage, and the three sailors, two of whom were Key West cigarmakers, were not good for much. One was told to steer by the North Star. All at once our sail jibed, and we found he was steering by another star. We asked him why he did so. He replied that a cloud came over the North Star, so he had to take the next one. The following day Cat Cay was sighted, where we found a most hospitable Englishman, a Mr. Height, who owns the island, and who persuaded us to spend the afternoon and night with him. The entrance to Miami, Florida, after the run across the channel, was difficult to make in the dark, but late on the evening of July 30 we made it, and were safe once more in the United States.

Clyde D. V. Hunt.



MAP OF PART OF EASTERN CUBA SHOWING THE ROUTE TAKEN BY OUR CORRESPONDENT ON HIS VISIT TO GENERAL GOMEZ.

THIS BUSY WORLD

The Merchants' Association has issued a pretty pocket-pamphlet, setting forth in brief the charms of New York as a summer city, giving a map of it with all its newly acquired territory, and telling merchants all over the country how they may get here with due advantage from the reduced rates offered by the railroads. New York, when it is not *too* hot, is a good place in summer; and even when it is hot, it seems breezy and comfortable to travellers from the South. There is no month in the year when thousands of visitors do not testify by their presence that it is good to be here.

The next hero of the war that we are likely to have on exhibition is Colonel Roosevelt. The troops from Santiago can doubtless get to Montauk Point without marching up Broadway and Fifth Avenue, even as far as Thirty-fourth Street, but New York is bound to have a sight of them, either coming or going. After the Montauk breezes have blown the fevers out of them, surely we shall see them. The whole country wants to see the troops, white and black, whose personal gallantry saved from failure the campaign about Santiago. When they come here—dear, dear! what a day that will be! Moreover, if the war ends, and Colonel Roosevelt gets back on to the soil of New York State, how will it be possible to avoid running him for Governor?

The Sixth Massachusetts, the regiment that was "first in three wars," is one of the last of the volunteer regiments that one would have expected to see get into trouble. But in trouble it has been, as is evident from the resignation of its colonel and four other officers, who, report says, gave up their commissions rather than be examined to test their efficiency. The Sixth went to Puerto Rico, and seems not to have prospered there, as its men are charged with straggling and with unauthorized foraging. Its new colonel, Edmund Rice, is a veteran of the civil war who entered the regular army, in which he ranks as captain of infantry. Doubtless the Sixth will profit by his experienced direction.

The letter of Captain Mahan in the *Sun* of August 7, and the letter, unsigned, in the last Harper's Weekly, will give small comfort to those injudicious admirers of Commodore Schley who have tried to give him credit for Cervera's defeat at the cost of Admiral Sampson. It was a foolish and disreputable attempt, adopted to stir up strife and inflame jealousies where there was no occasion for anything but good feeling. Commodore Schley, who has himself said no word that was unseemly, owes his superserviceable friends a grudge for doing their best to put him in a bad light.

Dr. Georg Maurice Ebers, Egyptologist and story-writer, who died at Tutzing, Germany, on August 7, has done little writing for ten years past. He was born in 1837, was the son of a banker, and read law at Göttingen. While still a student he had a very serious illness, from the effects of which he never fully recovered, and that disability helped to turn him from a life of active business to a more studious career. While he was studying Egyptology he fell in with the brothers Grimm, students of folk-lore, grammarians, and writers of story-books, and through them he met Lepsius. These associations seem to have determined the direction and scope of his endeavors. He published *A Princess of Egypt*, which was successful, and in 1864 became a tutor at Jena. Some years afterwards he became Professor of Egyptology at the University of Leipsic. He made repeated visits to Egypt, and in 1877 published *Uarda*, which was followed by *Homo Sum* and other novels. He wrote sixteen historical novels in all, besides fairy-tales and biographies.

The news that Mr. George N. Curzon has been appointed Viceroy of India is of special interest in this country, because Mr. Curzon is well known here, both as an accomplished gentleman and diplomat, and as the husband of an American wife. He married, in 1895, Miss Mary Leiter, daughter of Mr. Levi Leiter, of Chicago, and sister of Joseph Leiter, the eminent grain-speculator.

Mr. Curzon is the son of a clergyman (the Rev. Alfred Curzon, Baron Scarsdale), and has been private secretary to Lord Salisbury. He has been a member of Parliament, and for some time was Under-Secretary of State for India. He is thirty-nine years old, and is a very high authority on Eastern affairs. The newspapers tell us that Mr. Levi Leiter has expressed his satisfaction at his son-in-law's appointment, and says of Mr. Curzon that he is "a first-class man anywhere and everywhere, and (the first thing, after all) a manly, good man." It is a pleasant thing to find an American father-in-law who is thoroughly satisfied with his British son. Mr. Leiter has also expressed his confidence that his daughter will be equal to any position to which she may be called, and there is reason to believe that in that particular his opinion is sound. It may not be an impertinence to add that Mr. Leiter seems to be a good deal of a man himself, and appears to have met certain recent vicissitudes of fortune with notable courage and good sense, as well as with very large sums of ready money.

That Joseph Leiter made some friends for himself by his attention to the price of wheat appears from the movement reported to have been lately started in Harvey County, Kansas, to pay to him, or to his father, one cent on every bushel of wheat sold this year. This movement may not result in much revenue, but it certainly shows sympathy, good-will, and a sense of obligation.

Chaplain Jones, of the *Texas*, seems to be the authority for the story that Captain Philip of that ship has so great a regard for the sanctity of the Sabbath that he expects the side that begins a fight at sea on Sunday to be beaten. If Captain Philip feels so about it there's no fault to find, because a sailor-man is entitled to his superstitions; but the religious papers which point to Captain Philip's little superstition as an exemplary thing, and who point to the battle of Santiago as an illustration of the wrath of God kindled against Sabbath-breakers, make themselves very ridiculous. The New York *Observer*, a paper old enough to know better, actually seems to regard Admiral Cervera as a man punished for Sabbath-breaking, and suggests that his attempt to steal a march on the American fleet while the men were at Divine service vexed the Almighty so heartily that not one of Cervera's ships was suffered to get away.

Now, war is a condition of affairs where one lot of men do their best to kill or disable another lot of men. If the Almighty is not too squeamish to tolerate war on week-days, the chances are that He can stand it on Sundays also. A great evil often nullifies a less one. Mosquitoes are not troublesome in the busy time of a naval battle; murder done on Sunday is classed as murder, not as Sabbath-breaking; and war in its active stage is so colossal an evil that such breaches of the peace of Sunday as it involves are probably overlooked by the recording angel. A circumstance that seems to conflict with the belief that the Almighty particularly objects to Sunday fighting is that it was on a Sunday morning (May 1) that Admiral Dewey had his memorable experience with Spanish ships in the harbor of Manila.

Chicago is reported to have drawn plans for a "peace carnival," to begin on October 3, to last a fortnight. It is to include a great show on the lake, as well as prodigious demonstrations ashore, and is announced as planned on a scale which will make it cost $700,000. That amount of money should make some pretty shows, but a "carnival" lasting two weeks, over the end of a four months' war, seems out of proportion. Moreover, will not the comity of cities be somewhat prejudiced if Chicago gives a $700,000 carnival in the face of the Omaha Fair?

It is interesting, albeit somewhat appalling, to notice how commonly those of our contemporaries who commit suicide do it with carbolic acid. Women especially, who are out of conceit with life, seem to turn to carbolic acid as the natural remedy. Yet this acid burns even the outer skin, much more the inside tissues, and makes death come with dreadful pain. No judicious person would choose to die by it. Its use must be due to its availability. It is easy to get, being so useful as a disinfectant that it is freely sold.

The map of Cuba which has hung conspicuous on so many walls for three months past makes way for the time for the map of Long Island showing the situation of Montauk Point, which is just now an important centre of martial interests. The maps show that New London, Newport, and Narragansett are points of strategetical importance relative to Montauk Point, and numerous expeditions are likely to be fitted out from those harbors, and even from as far to the eastward as Nantucket and Buzzards Bay. Yachts will be pretty sure to go to Montauk if they can find anchorage there, and if they are allowed in the neighborhood.

It appears, by-the-way, that the Montauk Indians claim Montauk Point as part of their reservation, and that their attorneys have been instructed to collect from the government whatever money may be due for the use of their land as a camp. The Indians dispute all claims of the Long Island Railroad to ownership of the reservation lands over which it has laid its rails.

Some one with a long memory and acquaintance with local history has recalled that Nantucket and Marthas Vineyard formerly belonged, with Long Island, to the province of New York. The counties in all these islands seem to have been named at the same time. Marthas Vineyard is still Dukes County, and Long Island has its Queens and Kings.

A Concord (New Hampshire) correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* wants to see the Rollo Books reprinted for the benefit of the rising generation of Americans. Perhaps they would help American manners. Certainly they are still readable for persons of a suitable age; and so, for that matter, are the *Parents' Assistant* and Maria Edgeworth's *Moral Tales*. Miss Edgeworth's stories are really literature, and are as good as they ever were. If we are to be such fast friends with our British cousins, the fact that these tales reflect British civilization and social conditions and classes will no longer be a drawback to their use by young American readers.

The Rollo Books might have to be brought down to date. Rollo's experiences at Santiago, at Manila, at Puerto Rico, at Honolulu, and even at Chicago offer great opportunities for a competent hand. Mr. George's views on General Shafter might be highly edifying even to adult readers.

California has lost a notable and interesting citizen in Adolph Heinrich Joseph Sutro, who died in San Francisco on August 8. He was born in Germany in 1830, and made a special study of mineralogy, which he sought to turn to account by coming, in 1850, to this country, and going to California. His great exploit as a mining engineer was the famous Sutro tunnel, which he built between 1865 and 1871, to give access to the mines of the Comstock lode in Nevada. It is five miles long, and as a tunnel is a great success, and made a fortune for its constructor, though by the time it was finished the ore in the Comstock lode pretty much gave out.

Mr. Sutro, like most Germans who come to this country, threw in his lot heartily with the community in which he settled, and became a public-spirited and very active and influential citizen of San Francisco. He gave that city a fine library and art gallery, and also presented to it, about ten years ago, a copy of the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty which stands in New York Harbor, which latter service will doubtless be forgiven him in view of the rectitude of his intentions. He owned a large property near the Cliff House on the ocean-front near San Francisco, which he designed to improve and give to the city as a public pleasure-ground. In his efforts to carry out this purpose he got into a fight with the Southern Pacific Railway, which he conducted with so much vigor as greatly to endear himself to the San Francisco community. As a consequence he was elected Mayor of the city on a Populist ticket, but his administration did not add to his credit.

Mr. Sutro was notable as being one of the rich Californians who found the interests of the Pacific coast sufficient to make life agreeable, and continued to the end to stay by the community in which he found his fortune.

It is interesting to notice that the remedy vulgarly known as "a hair of the dog that bit you" is offered for the relief of sufferers from such writings of Tolstoi as have turned out to be unwholesome. The novelist has a son, Count Lioff Tolstoi, who has published a story called *A Chopin Prelude*, which is offered to the Russian public as an antidote to the *Kreutzer Sonata*. As that objectionable tale was in discouragement of marriage, the new story by Tolstoi *fils* takes the other view, and agrees that, all things considered, marriage is best. The morals of the younger count's writings are warmly commended by the critics, who are unable, however, to discover as yet that the son has inherited the literary gifts of the father.

There is a vast deal of talk in circulation about the Santiago campaign. Now that the men who took part in it are coming home in considerable numbers, stories innumerable are being told, and comments of great vigor are being exchanged. Everything that is being said will presently find its way into the newspapers; for as soon as peace is declared there will be no further need of holding back anything the communication of which will relieve any truthful person's mind. There will be an immense amount of censure of various representatives of the government. It will not be pleasant, but it may be useful. It is for the interest of the country that we should all know in good time how the war has been managed, how far political considerations have interfered with good appointments and effective work, how far maladministration was inevitable and due to a bad system which the present administration inherited, what was well done, and what so badly done or so outrageously neglected that some one should suffer for it. The military end of the war will make a prodigious amount of reading, considering how short a time the war has lasted. The navy has won glory enough to go around, but the army hasn't. The army has won glory of imperishable quality, but the distribution of it is very unequal.

Is our war experience likely to breed an appetite for more military experiments? That is a question that one hears propounded. We all hope not, and it seems likely that by the time we get all through with this war, and have computed the pension bill, and reckoned up the total loss by wounds and disease, and have got the fever out of all the survivors, our appetite for glory may be sated for some time to come.

Fever, by-the-way, is not an affection that is readily quenched. Many of the men who have come back from Santiago are likely to have annual reminders of their experiences there for a long time to come.

The Erie Canal has two principal excuses for existence. One is to be the subject of investigation. The other is to provide for the passage of canal-boats from Albany to Buffalo. It is just now serving the first—which is possibly its primary—purpose unusually well, but not the other. The canal-boats and all the interests that are concerned with them have had a hard summer. The old canal is in a pretty bad way. The money that has been spent on it has doubtless improved it in spots, but a continuous trip through is still perilous and liable to ruinous delays.

The prospect of a new race for the *America's* cup is cheerful. The temper of the country, mollified by recent evidences of British esteem, could doubtless stand another race now, and there is no reason why we should not hope that Sir Thomas Lipton with the *Shamrock*, or Mr. Charles Ewing with the *Rainbow*, should not be blessed in the desire to bring about a new meeting.

Sir Thomas Lipton seems to be fired with a remarkable zeal for the promotion of public enterprises. It will be noticed that almost simultaneously with the rumors of his desire to challenge comes the report of his gift of £100,000 to a favorite project of the Princess of Wales—the establishment of dining-rooms in London where working-men can get good meals for very little money.

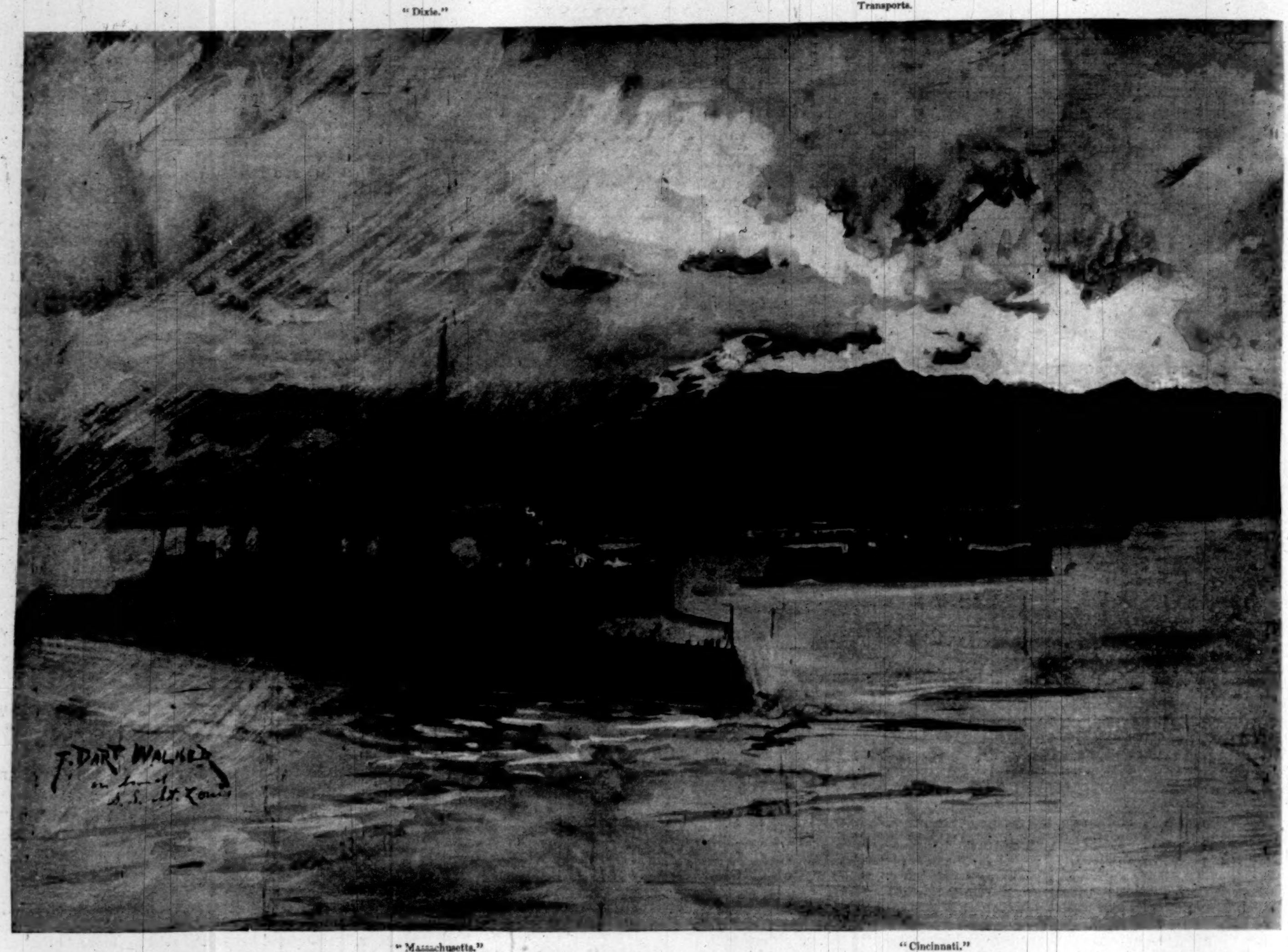
Report says that a syndicate of English capitalists wants possession of the Isles of Shoals. An American sea-shore resort managed under direction of English capitalists would be interesting, and might be attractive. It might offer the change from American housekeeping to hotel-keeping, which one finds on a British steamer, and which for novelty's sake is welcome to many American travellers. An American summer resort seems an odd thing, in some respects, for an English company to buy, but, after all, British syndicates are traditionally adventurous.

"Hell's Kitchen," the scene of recent disturbances in New York, is the name applied to Thirty-ninth Street near the North River, a region of unenviable repute, which has of late years become a residence quarter for negroes. So far as appears from the deliverances of the local historians, negroes have been received there as tenants of tenement-houses because they were the only decent people who were willing to live in a neighborhood that bore so bad a reputation. It is not they who have given the quarter a bad name, but it is because the bad name already existed that property-owners made negroes welcome there. The original inhabitants do not view the negro immigration in the same favorable light that the house-owners do, and hence much jealousy and friction, culminating from time to time in such outbreaks as that of three weeks ago.

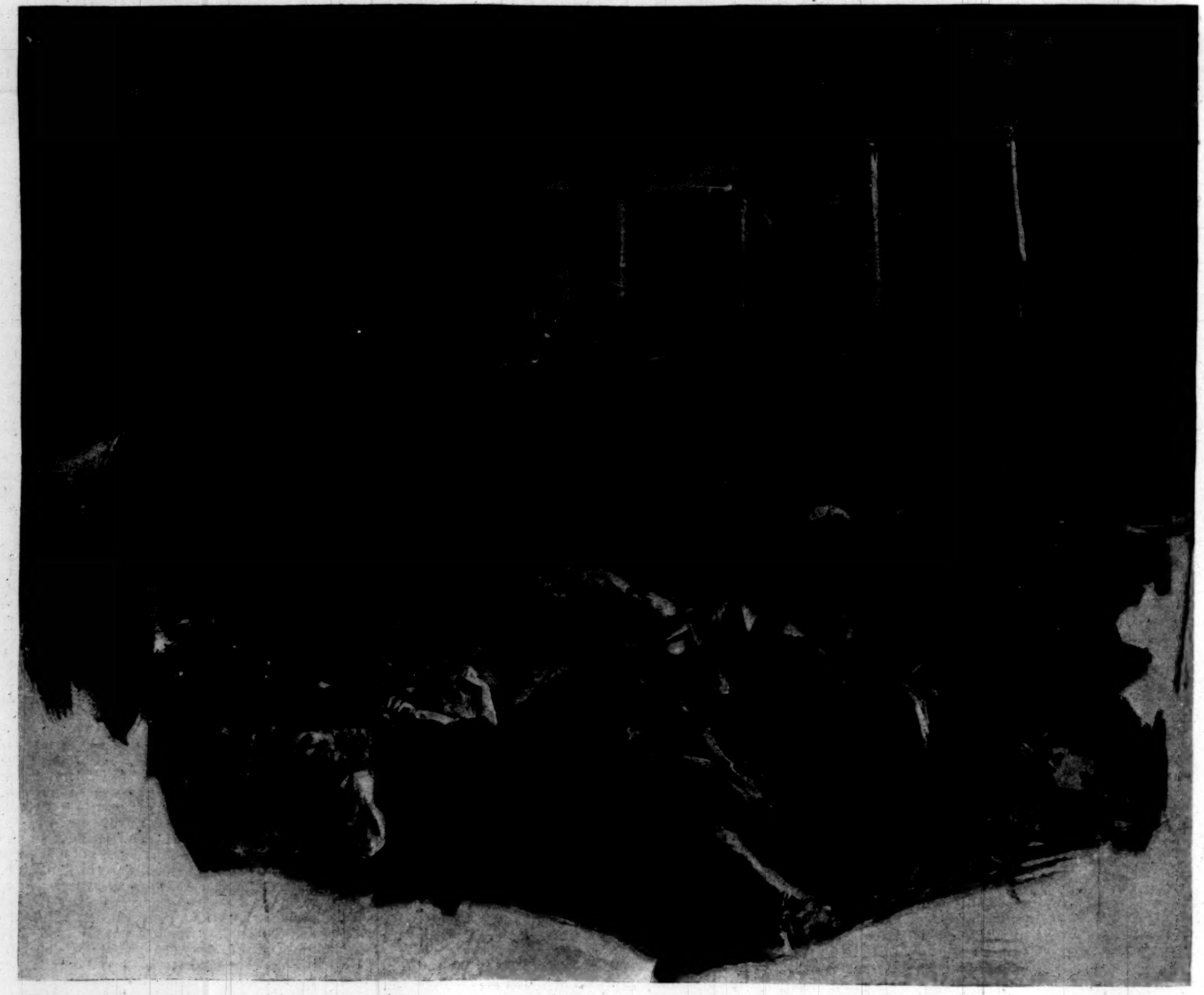
Mr. George W. Smalley does not take a rose-colored view of the personal qualities of the German Emperor. Reviewing a volume of the Emperor's deliverances, which has been lately issued under the title of *Kaiserworte*, Mr. Smalley remarks upon the note of boastful self-consciousness which is so seldom absent from the written and spoken words of William II., and confides to us that "they say of him in England that he is not a gentleman." To William, Mr. Smalley says, the world is a stage, and he the chief actor. He is always theatrical, and would have made a good stage-manager; he is self-assertive, boastful, vainglorious, loud-mouthed, regardful of himself and not of others. "Such is not the type of person to whom, in England, the word gentleman is applied."

Hence we may see (and Mr. Smalley himself may find profit in remembering it) that if in our Congress there are from time to time persons whose manners and feelings are not all we could wish, we still are not the only civilized people who can discern painful blemishes in their rulers.

E. S. Martin.


"Dixie."
Transports.
T. Dart Walker
on board
U.S.S. St. Louis
"Massachusetts."
"Cincinnati."

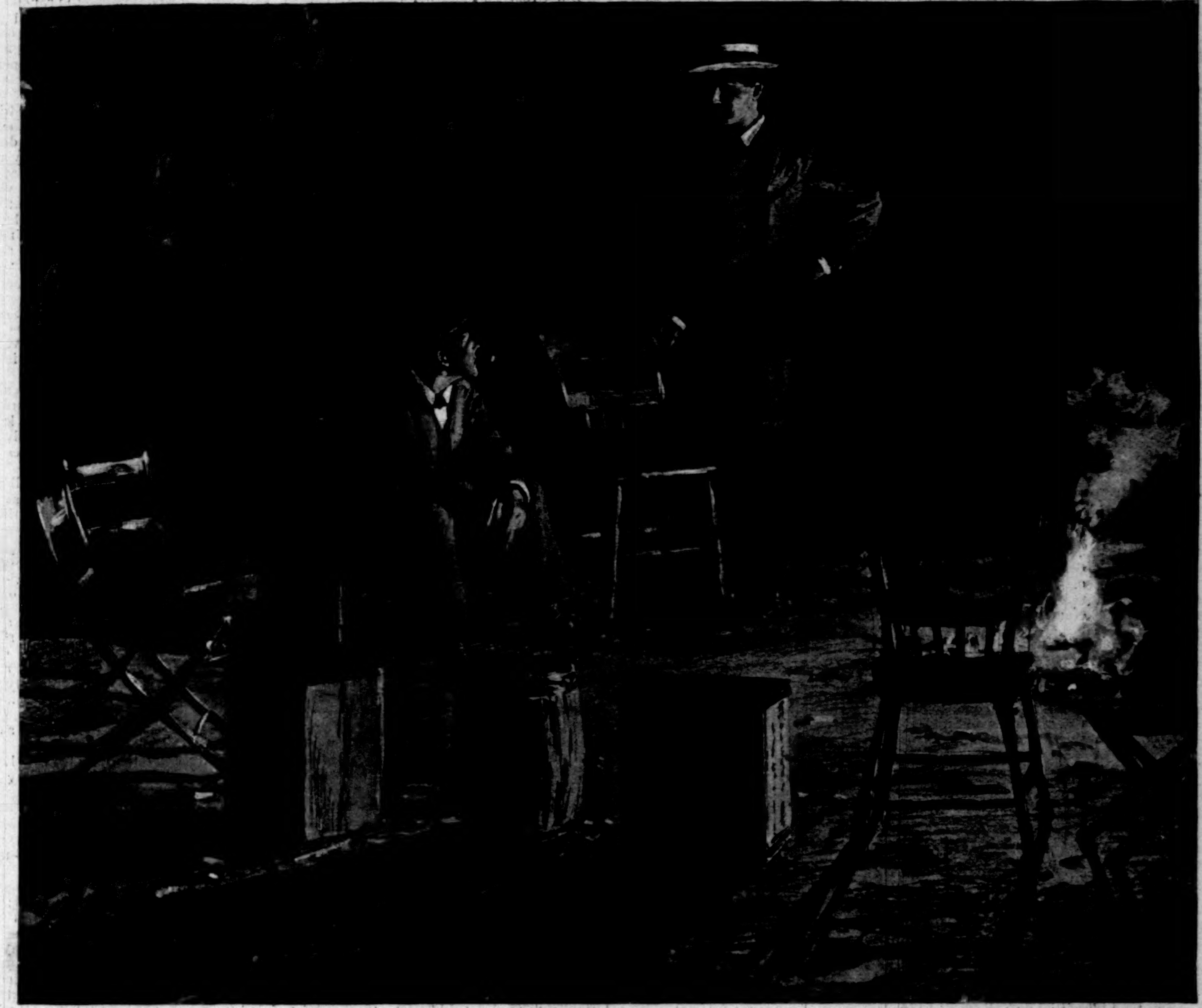
TROOP-SHIPS AND CONVOY AT PLAYA DE PONCE.



TROOPS SLEEPING ON THE DECK OF THE U. S. S. "ST. LOUIS."

THE INVASION OF PUERTO RICO.

Drawn by T. Dart Walker, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" with General Miles's Army.—[See Page 828.]



THE ASSOCIATE HERMITS.[*]

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

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ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST.

XVII.—MRS. PERKENPINE ASSERTS HER INDIVIDUALITY.

ABOUT half an hour after the beginning of the conversation between the bishop and Miss Corona, Mrs. Perkenpine came to the latter and informed her that supper was ready, and three times after that first announcement did she repeat the information. At last the bishop rose and said he would not keep Miss Raybold from her meal.

"Will you not join us?" she asked. "I shall be glad to have you do so."

The bishop hesitated for a moment, and then he accompanied Corona.

As Mrs. Perkenpine turned from the camp cooking-stove, a long-handled pan, well filled with slices of hot meat, in her hand, she stood for a moment amazed. Slowly approaching the little table outside of the tent were the bishop and Miss Raybold, and glancing beyond them toward the lake, she saw Clyde and Raybold, to whom she had yelled that supper was ready, the one with his arms folded, gazing out over the water, and the other strolling backward and forward, as if he had thought of going to his supper, but had not quite made up his mind to it.

Mrs. Perkenpine's face grew red. "They are waitin' for a chance to speak to that gal," she thought. "Well, let them wait. And she's bringing him! She needn't s'pose I don't know him. I've seen him splittin' wood at Sadler's, and I don't cook for sech." So saying, she strode to some bushes a little back of the stove, and dashed the panful of meat behind them. Then she returned, and seizing the steaming coffee-pot, she poured its contents on the ground. Then she took up a smaller pan, containing some fried potatoes, hot and savory, and these she threw after the meat.

The bishop and Corona now reached the table and seated themselves. Mrs. Perkenpine, her face as hard and immovable as the trunk of an oak, approached, and placed before them some slices of cold bread, some butter, and two glasses of water.

Still earnestly talking, her eyes sometimes dimmed with tears of excitement as she descanted upon her favorite theories, Corona began to eat what was before her. She buttered a slice of bread, and if the bishop chanced to say anything she ate some of it. She drank some water, and she talked and talked and talked. She did not know what she was eating. It might have been a Lord Mayor's dinner or a beggar's crust; her mind took no cognizance of such an unimportant matter. As for her companion, he knew very well what he was eating, and as he gazed about him, and saw that there were no signs of anything more, his heart sank lower and lower; but he ate slice after slice of bread, for he was hungry, and he hoped that when the two young men came to the table they would call for more substantial food.

But long before they arrived Corona finished her meal and rose.

"Now that we have had our supper," she said, "let us go where we shall not be annoyed by the smell of food, and continue our conversation."

"Is it possible," thought the bishop, "that she can be annoyed by the smell of hot meat, potatoes, and coffee? I suppose the delicious odor comes from the other supper table. Heavens! Why wasn't I asked there?"

There was a dreadful storm when Raybold and Clyde came to the table; but Mrs. Perkenpine remained hard and immovable through it all.

"Your sister and that tramp has been here," said she, "and this is all there is left. If you keep your hogs in your house, you can't expect to count on your victuals."

Some more coffee was made, and that with bread composed the young men's supper.

When Arthur Raybold had finished his meal, he walked to the spot where Corona and the bishop were conversing, and stood there silently. He was afraid to interrupt his sister by speaking to her; but he thought that his presence might have an effect upon her companion. It did have an effect, for the bishop seized the opportunity created by the arrival of a third party, excused himself, and departed at the first break in Corona's flow of words.

"I wish, Arthur," she said, "that when you see I am engaged in a conversation, you would wait at least a reasonable time before interrupting it."

"A reasonable time!" said Raybold, with a laugh. "I like that! But I came here to interrupt your conversation. Do you know who that fellow is you were talking to? He's a common, good-for-nothing tramp. He goes round splitting wood for his meals. Clyde and I kept him here to cook our meals because we had no servant, and he's been in bed for days because he had no clothes to wear, and now you are treating him as if he were a gentleman, and actually brought him to our table, where, like the half-starved cur that he is, he has eaten up everything fit to eat that we were to have for our supper."

"He did not eat all of it," said Corona, "for I ate some of it myself; and if he is the good-for-nothing tramp and the other things you call him, I wish I could meet with more such tramps. I tell you, Arthur, that if you were to spend the next five years in reading and studying, you could not get into your mind one-tenth of the serious information, the power to reason intelligently upon your perceptions, the ability to collate, compare, and refer to their individual causes the impressions——"

"Oh, bosh!" said her brother. "What I want to know is, are you going to make friends with that man and invite him to our table?"

"I shall invite him if I see fit," said she. "He is an extremely intelligent person."

"Well," answered he, "if you do I shall have a separate table," and he walked away.

As soon as he had left Corona, the bishop repaired to the Archibald's cooking-tent, where he saw Matlack at work.

"I have come," he said, with a pleasant smile, "to ask a very great favor. Would it be convenient for you to give me something to eat? Anything in the way of meat, hot or cold, and some tea or coffee, as I see there is a pot still steaming on your stove. I have had an unlucky experience. You know I have been preparing my own meals at the other camp, but to-day, when Mrs. Perkenpine brought me my clothes, she carried away with her all the provisions that had been left there. I supped, it is true, with Miss Raybold, but her appetite is so delicate and her fare so extremely simple that I confidentially acknowledge that I am half starved."

During these remarks Matlack had stood quietly gazing at the bishop. "Do you see that pile of logs and branches there?" said he; "that's the firewood that's got to be cut for to-morrow, which is Sunday, when we don't want to be cuttin' wood; and if you'll go to work and cut it into pieces to fit this stove, I'll give you your supper. You can go to the other camp and sleep where you have been sleepin', if you want to, and in the mornin' I'll give you your breakfast. I 'ain't got no right to give you Mr. Archibald's victuals, but what you eat I'll pay for out of my own pocket, considerin' that you'll do my work. Then to-morrow I'll give you just one hour after you've finished your breakfast to get out of this camp altogether, entirely out of my sight. I tried to have you sent away before, but other people took you up, and so I said no more; but now things are different. When a man pulls up what I've drove down, and sets loose what I've locked fast, and the same as snaps his fingers in my face when I'm attendin' to my business, then I don't stand that man."

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[*] Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2167.

"Excuse me," said the bishop; "but in case I should not go away within the time specified, what would be your course?"

In a few brief remarks, inelegant but expressive, the guide outlined his intentions of taking measures which would utterly eliminate the physical energy of the other.

"I haven't taken no advantage of you," he said; "I have not come down on you when you hadn't no clothes to go away in; and now that you've got good clothes, I don't want to spile them if I can help it; but they're not goin' to save you—mind my words. What I've said I'll stick to."

"Mr. Matlack," said the bishop, "I consider that you are entirely correct in all your positions. As to that unfortunate affair of the boat, I had intended coming to you and apologizing most sincerely for my share in it. It was an act of great foolishness, but that does not in the least excuse me. I apologize now, and beg that you will believe that I truly regret having interfered with your arrangements."

"That won't do!" exclaimed the guide. "When a man as much as snaps his fingers in my face, it's no use for him to come and apologize. That's not what I want."

"Nevertheless," said the bishop, "you will pardon me if I insist upon expressing my regrets. I do that for my own sake as well as yours; but we will drop that subject. When you ask me to cut wood to pay for my meals, you are entirely right, and I honor you for your sound opinions upon this subject. I will cut the wood and earn my meals, but there is one amendment to your plan which I would like to propose. To-morrow is Sunday; for that reason we should endeavor to make the day as quiet and peaceable as possible, and we should avoid everything which may be difficult of explanation or calculated to bring about an unpleasant difference of opinion among other members of the party. Therefore, will you postpone the time at which you will definitely urge my departure until Monday morning?"

"Well," said Matlack, "now I come to think of it, it might be well not to kick up a row on Sunday, and I will put it off until Monday morning; but mind, there's no nonsense about me. What I say I mean, and on Monday morning you march of your own accord, or I'll attend to the matter myself."

"Very good," said the bishop; "thank you very much. To-morrow I will consider your invitation to leave this place, and if you will come to Camp Roy about half past six on Monday morning I will then give you my decision. Will that hour suit you?"

"All right," said Matlack; "you might as well make it a business matter. It's going to be business on my side, I'd have you know."

"Good—very good," said the bishop; "and now let me get at that wood."

So saying, he put down his cane, took off his hat, his coat, his waistcoat, his collar, and his cravat and his cuffs; he rolled up his sleeves, he turned up the bottoms of his trousers, and then taking an axe, he set to work.

In a few minutes Martin arrived on the scene. "What's up now?" said he.

"He's cuttin' wood for his meals," replied Matlack.

"I thought you were going to bounce him as soon as he got up?"

"That's put off until Monday morning," said Matlack. "Then he marches. I've settled that."

"Did he agree?" asked Martin.

"'Tain't necessary for him to agree; he'll find that out Monday morning."

Martin stood and looked at the bishop as he worked.

"I wish you would get him to cut wood every day," said he. "By George, how he makes that axe fly!"

When the bishop finished his work he drove his axe-head deep into a stump, washed his hands and his face, resumed the clothing he had laid aside, and then sat down to supper. There was nothing stingy about Matlack, and the wood-chopper made a meal which amply compensated him for the deficiencies of the Perkenpine repast.

When he had finished he hurried to the spot where the party was in the habit of assembling around the camp fire. He found there some blazing logs, and Mr. Clyde, who sat alone, smoking his pipe.

"What is the matter?" asked the bishop. "Where are all our friends?"

"I expect they are all in bed," said Clyde, "with the bedclothes pulled over their heads—that is, except one, and I expect she is talking in her sleep. They were all here as usual, and Mr. Archibald thought he would break the spell by telling a fishing story. He told me he was going to try to speak against time; but it wasn't of any use. She just slid into the middle of his remarks as a duck slides into the water, and then she began an oration. I really believe she did not know any one was talking."

"That may have been the case," said the bishop; "she has a wonderful power of self-concentration."

"That is true," said Clyde, "and this time she concentrated herself so much upon herself that the rest of us got away, one by one, and when all the others had gone she went, and when I found she really had gone I came back. By-the-way, bishop," he continued, "there is something I would like to do, and I want you to help me."

"Name it," said the other.

"I am getting tired of the way the Raybolds are trespassing on the good-nature of the Archibalds, and, whatever they do, I don't intend to let them make me trespass any longer. I haven't anything to do with Miss Raybold, but the other tent belongs as much to me as it does to her brother, and I am going to take it back to our own camp. And what is more, I am going to have my meals there. I don't want that wooden-headed Mrs. Perkenpine to cook for me."

"How would you like me to do it?" asked the bishop, quickly.

"That would be fine," said Clyde. "I will help, and we will set up housekeeping there again, and if Raybold doesn't choose to come and live in his own camp he can go wherever he pleases. I am not going to have him manage things for me. Don't you think that you and I can carry that tent over?"

"With ease!" exclaimed the bishop. "When do you want to move—Monday morning?"

"Yes," said Clyde, "after breakfast."

XVIII.—THE HERMITS ASSOCIATE.

During the next day no one in camp had reason to complain of Corona Raybold. She did not seem inclined to talk to anybody, but spent the most of her time alone. She wrote a little and reflected a great deal, sometimes walking, sometimes seated in the shade, gazing far beyond the sky.

When the evening fire was lighted, her mood changed so that one might have supposed that another fire had been lighted somewhere in the interior of her mental organism. Her fine eyes glistened, her cheeks gently reddened, and her whole body became animated with an energy created by warm emotions.

"I have something I wish to say to you all," she exclaimed, as she reached the fire. "Where is Arthur? Will somebody please call him? And I would like to see both the guides. It is something very important that I have to say. Mrs. Perkenpine will be here in a moment; I asked her to come. If Mr. Matlack is not quite ready, can he not postpone what he is doing? I am sure you will all be interested in what I have to say, and I do not want to begin until every one is here."

Mr. Archibald saw that she was very much in earnest, and so he sent for the guides, and Clyde went to call Raybold.

In a few minutes Clyde returned and told Corona that her brother had said he did not care to attend services that evening.

"Where is he?" asked Miss Raybold.

"He is sitting over there looking out upon the lake," replied Clyde.

"I will be back almost immediately," said she to Mr. Archibald, "and in the mean time please let everybody assemble."

Arthur Raybold was in no mood to attend services of any sort. He had spent nearly the whole day trying to get a chance to speak to Margery, but never could he find her alone.

"If I can once put the matter plainly to her," he said to himself, "she will quickly perceive what it is that I offer her; and when she clearly sees that, I will undertake to make her accept it. She is only a woman, and can no more withstand me than a mound of sand built by a baby's hand could withstand the rolling wave."

At this moment Corona arrived and told him that she wanted him at the camp fire. He was only a man, and could no more withstand her than a mound of sand built by a baby's hand could withstand the rolling wave.

When everybody in the camp had gathered around the fire, Corona, her eye-glasses illumined by the light of her soul, gazed around the circle and began to speak.

"My dear friends," she said, "I have been thinking a great deal to-day upon a very important subject, and I have come to the conclusion that we who form this little company have before us one of the grandest opportunities ever afforded a group of human beings. We are here, apart from our ordinary circumstances and avocations, free from all the trammels and demands of society, alone with nature and ourselves. In our ordinary lives, surrounded by our ordinary circumstances, we cannot be truly ourselves; each of us is but part of a whole, and very often an entirely unharmonious part. It is very seldom that we are able to do the things we wish to do in the manner and at the times and places when it would best suit our natures. Try as we may to be true to ourselves, it is seldom possible; we are swept away in a current of conventionality. It may be one kind of conventionality for some of us and another kind for others, but we are borne on by it all the same. Sometimes a person like myself or Mr. Archibald clings to some rock or point upon the bank, and for a little while is free from the coercion of circumstances, but this cannot be for long, and we are soon swept with the rest into the ocean of conglomerate commonplace."

"That's when we die?" remarked Mrs. Perkenpine, who sat reverently listening.

"No," said the speaker, "it happens while we are alive. But now," she continued, "we have a chance, as I said before, to shake ourselves free from our enthralment. For a little while each one of us may assert his or her individuality. We are a varied and representative party; we come from different walks of life; we are men, women, and—" looking at Margery, she was about to say children, but she changed her expression to "young people." "I think you will all understand what I mean. When we are at our homes we do things because other people want us to do them, and not because we want to do them. A family sits down to a meal, and some of them like what is on the table, some do not; some of them would have preferred to eat an hour before, some of them would prefer to eat an hour later; but they all take their meals at the same time and eat the same things because it is the custom to do so.

"I mention a meal simply as an instance, but the slavery of custom extends into every branch of our lives. We get up, we go to bed, we read, we work, we play, just as other people do these things, and not as we ourselves would do them if we planned our own lives. Now we have a chance, all of us, to be ourselves! Each of us may say, 'I am myself, one!' Think of that, my friends, each one! Each of us a unit, responsible only to his or her unity, if I may so express it."

"Do you mean that I am that?" inquired Mrs. Perkenpine.

"Oh yes," replied Corona.

"Is Phil Matiack one?"

"Yes."

"All right," said the female guide; "if he is one, I don't mind."

"Now what I propose is this," said Corona: "I understand that the stay in this camp will continue for about a week longer, and I earnestly urge upon you that for this time we shall each one of us assert our individuality. Let us be what we are, show ourselves what we are, and let each other see what we are."

"It would not be safe nor pleasant to allow everybody to do that," said Mr. Archibald. He was more interested in Miss Raybold's present discourse than he had been in any other he had heard her deliver.

"Of course," said she, "it would not do to propose such a thing to the criminal classes or to people of evil inclinations, but I have carefully considered the whole subject as it relates to us, and I think we are a party singularly well calculated to become the exponent of the distinctiveness of our several existences."

"That gits me," said Matlack.

"I am afraid," said the speaker, gazing kindly at him, "that I do not always express myself plainly to the general comprehension, but what I mean is this: that during the time we stay here, let each one of us do exactly what he or she wants to do, without considering other people at all, except of course that we must not do anything which would interfere with any of the others doing what they please. For instance—and I assure you I have thought over this matter in all its details—if any of us were inclined to swear or behave disorderly, which I am sure could not be the case, he or she would not do so because he or she would feel that, being responsible to himself or herself, that responsibility would prevent him or her from doing that which would interfere with the pleasure or comfort of his or her associates."

"I think," said Mrs. Archibald, somewhat severely, "that our duty to our fellow-beings is far more important than our selfish consideration of ourselves."

"But reflect," cried Corona, "how much consideration we give to our fellow-beings, and how little to ourselves as ourselves, each one. Can we not, for the sake of knowing ourselves and honoring ourselves, give ourselves to ourselves for a little while? The rest of our lives may then be given to others and the world."

"I hardly believe," said Mr. Archibald, "that all of us clearly understand your meaning, but it seems to me that you would like each one of us to become, for a time, a hermit. I do not know of any other class of persons who so thoroughly assert their individuality."

"You are right!" exclaimed Corona. "A hermit does it. A hermit is more truly himself than any other man. He may dwell in a cave and eat water-cresses, he may live on top of a tall pillar, or he may make his habitation in a barrel! If a hermit should so choose, he might furnish a cave with Eastern rugs and bric-à-brac. If he liked that sort of thing, he would be himself. Yes, I would have all of us, in the truest sense of the word, hermits, each a hermit; but we need not dwell apart. Some of us would certainly wish to assert our individuality by not dwelling apart from others."

"We might, then," said Mr. Archibald, "become a company of associate hermits."

"Exactly," cried Corona, stretching out her hands; "that is the very word—associate hermits. My dear friends, from to-morrow morning, until we leave here, let us be associate hermits. Let us live for ourselves, be true to ourselves. After all, if we think of it seriously, ourselves are all that we have in this world. Everything else may be taken from us, but no one can take from me myself, or from any one of you yourself."

The bishop now rose. He as well as the others had listened attentively to everything that had been said; even Arthur Raybold had shown a great deal of interest in his sister's remarks.

"You mean," said the bishop, "that while we stay here each one of us shall act exactly as we think we ought to act if we were not influenced by the opinions and examples of others around us, and thus have an opportunity of finding out for ourselves, and of showing others exactly what we are."

"That is it," said Corona; "you have stated it very well."

"Well, then," said the bishop, "I move that for the time stated we individually assert our individuality."

"Second the motion," said Mr. Archibald.

"All in favor of this motion please say 'Aye,'" said Corona. "Now let everybody vote, and I hope you will all say 'Aye,' and if any one does not understand, I will be happy to explain."

"I want to know," said Phil Matlack, rising, "if one man asserts what you call his individ'ality in such a way that it runs up agin another man's, and that second man ain't inclined to stand it, if that—"

"Oh, I assure you," interrupted the bishop, "that that will be all right. I understand you perfectly, and the individualities will all run along together without interfering with each other, and if one happens to get in the way of another it will be gently moved aside."

"Gently!" said Matlack, somewhat satirically. "Well, all right, it will be moved aside. I am satisfied, if the rest are."

"Now all in favor say 'Aye,'" said Corona.

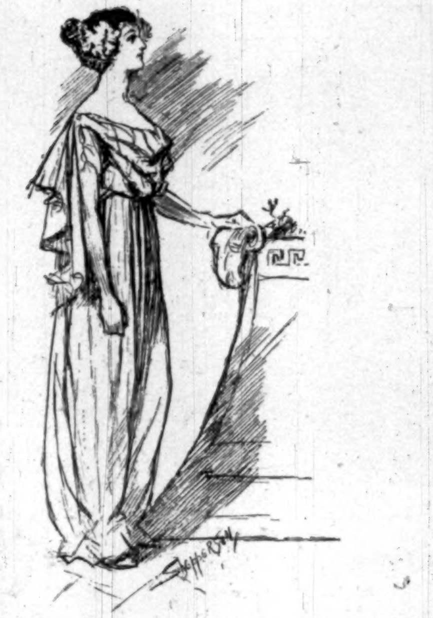
They all said "Aye," except Mrs. Perkenpine, who said "Me."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PARIS.

From a French diplomat I learn some interesting facts about the inside history of events in the Far East. According to my informant, a person of the utmost trustworthiness, the concession of the ports in China now occupied by France, Germany, and Russia was made at the end of the Chinese-Japanese war. A perfect understanding between these countries and China had existed for a long time before any one of them showed his hand. No one dared take the initiative before the eyes of the rest of Europe of occupying places in time of peace that had been given for services, more or less real, in war. The murder of the German missionaries furnished the necessary pretext to the Emperor William. France and Russia almost immediately followed in his wake.

In looking at the colonies of these countries we must remember that the states of Europe have common interests which impel them to the doctrine of colonial expansion, and at the same time interests that are common to one or two alone. A reason common to England and Germany, for instance, is their constantly increasing population, and the necessity of opening new markets for their productions, enormous in quantity, and cheap. France, on the contrary, does not suffer from over-production, and her population rests stationary. Her reason for colonizing is one common to Germany, but not to England—the ever-growing increase of dissensions at home, such as socialism, and a universal standing army. Since both nations desire peace within their own walls, they must give satisfaction to the large military party of their



EMMA EAMES AS *ERO.*

respective countries, and occupation to a multitude of idle officers by finding them an outlet for their activity abroad, while this also distracts attention from internal agitations.

The French are always at war in one place or another; after Senegal came Tonquin; after Tonquin, Madagascar. These conquests cost them enormously, and in practical benefits bring them in almost nothing. But they provide news for the papers, and a safety-valve for the army.

The German Emperor, with his wide-spreading view, has precisely the same preoccupation. The real secret of his journey to Palestine, it is said in diplomatic circles, is to secure for himself the port of Kaïfa, much superior to Beirut, and overlooking the rich country of Hauran. It is interesting to add that within a few years a colony of fifteen hundred Germans has already established itself there.

There is no doubt that, having a port in China, the Emperor William would like a station in the Philippines. Exactly how to get it, he certainly at present does not know. His thought, so far, is limited to saying, "Send war-ships to Cavité and see what happens." If Admiral Dewey by any chance failed to protect one German citizen against the insurgents, at any slight casualty, the Emperor might be able to fill his favorite rôle and step in.

In spite of the socialistic element in the new Chamber of Deputies, its formation is considered a step towards a more stable government. Nothing has been more opposed to this than the multitude of independent groups of the last Chamber, each trying by underhand manœuvres and alliances to gain the victory of a day. The overthrow of the Méline ministry was the result of a clever stroke of the radical-socialists, who contrived to add as condition to a simple *ordre du jour* that the cabinet should not count a majority composed partly of conservatives. M. Méline could not refuse to throw over brutally a party which, for over a year, had given him their support, and resigned with all his cabinet. This, together with the election of M. Deschanel as the new president, shows the frank division of the Chamber into two grand parties. One of these, slightly in the minority, is composed of the radicals, socialists, and collectivists; the other, of moderate republicans, united under the new title of progressists and conservators.

The greater part of these last, like young Boni de Castellane, put upon their electoral programmes the title of progressist republicans. This proves that they at last understand that the republic has come to stay, and that both royalism and imperialism have less and less chance. These *rallies*, as they are called, may, however, by their vote give the government some surprises later. Certain socialists also have slipped into the House under the guise of a profession of faith of moderate republicanism.

Among these is a young fellow named Zévais, who was twenty-five, the legal age for a deputy, the day of his election, a familiar figure to all Paris journalists in the editorial offices of advanced papers, and the organizer of manifestations in favor of Jaurés and Milleraud, whom he openly professed his masters. Two years ago he conceived the clever idea of going to live in the peaceful department of the Isère, and getting the confidence of the brave farmers and glovers who made up the population of the country. Naturally he concealed his age and his opinions, and nothing could have been a greater surprise to his electors than to see from the Paris papers that they had sent to represent them a noisy and belligerent boy.

I doubt whether he will ever succeed in replacing his blackballed chiefs—far and away the most elegant speakers of the Chamber, as well as the most dangerous for the government. But, at all events, the sittings of the past month at the Palais Bourbon forecast a stormy and exciting season.
Allen Sergeant.

MANCINELLI'S "ERO E LEANDRO."

London, ever shy as to the new in any shape, whether it be music, morals, or mechanics, has consented to listen to Mancinelli's "Ero e Leandro" within a comparatively short time of its publication. Less than two years ago the work was given at the Norwich festival as a cantata, and having come triumphantly through being served up in this cold sliced style, without garnishings, is now being given in operatic form at Covent Garden.

While the legend of Hero and Leander may be sufficient as a theme, it is undoubtedly insufficient as a story; perhaps it is on this account that Arrigo Boito, to whom Mancinelli is indebted for a book which is much too dignified to be called a libretto, has added to it both characters and incidents which fill out the dramatic interest.

In his hands the story is introduced by a prologue; the story itself opens at the Temple of Venus at Sestos, where priestesses and sailors are celebrating the Aphrodisia. *Ariopharnes*, the high priest of the temple, enters, accompanied by *Hero* and by *Leander*, who has been declared the victor in the athletic contests. During the ceremonial attending the crowning of *Leander* by *Hero*, *Ariopharnes* perceives their love for each other, and while threatening her, also presses his own suit with vehemence. *Hero* repulses *Ariopharnes* with horror. *Leander*, returning to the temple, declares anew his love for *Hero*, and is overheard by *Ariopharnes*, who, concealing himself behind the statue of Apollo when *Hero* consults the oracle as to her fate, foretells her death.

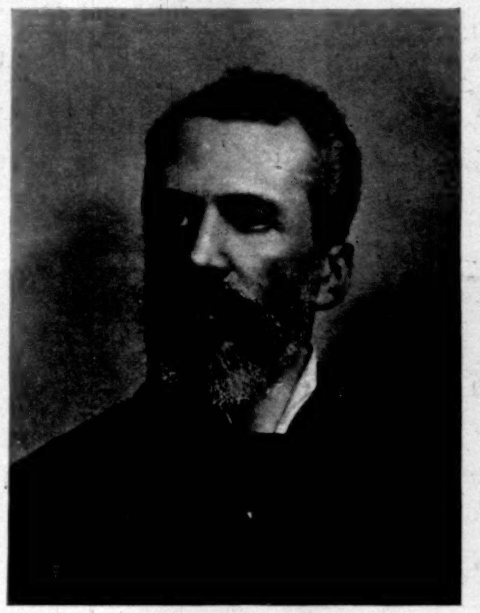
In the second act, *Hero*, being given the choice "between the celestial Venus and the terrestrial," chooses the former as the only escape from the advances of *Ariopharnes*, and assumes the crown and silver veil of sacrifice before being immured in the Maiden's Tower by the Hellespont, *Ariopharnes*, the priestesses, and the guardians of the temple uniting in a chorus praising her choice.

The third act takes place in the Maiden's Tower, overlooking the Hellespont. *Hero*, awaiting *Leander*, signals him with the sacred torch, and watches from the tower his battle with the waves as he swims the Hellespont. A long love scene between the two is brought to an end by the bursting of a tremendous storm, of whose approach it was *Hero's* duty to give warning.

Her failure to do so brings *Ariopharnes* to the tower. To evade him, and to avert the terrible punishment which would be meted out to *Hero* should he be found in the tower, *Leander* plunges again into the now raging Hellespont, and is drowned, and the story ends with the death of *Hero* at the feet of *Ariopharnes*, her persecutor.

Such is the story. The whole unfolding of it devolves upon but three characters. The creation of the rôles devolved upon Madame Eames as *Ero*, upon Saléza as *Leandro*, and upon Plançon as *Ariopharnes*. But the division of responsibility is so unequal that in effect it is an opera of but one character—that of *Ero*—and Eames responds finely to the tremendous demands made upon her.

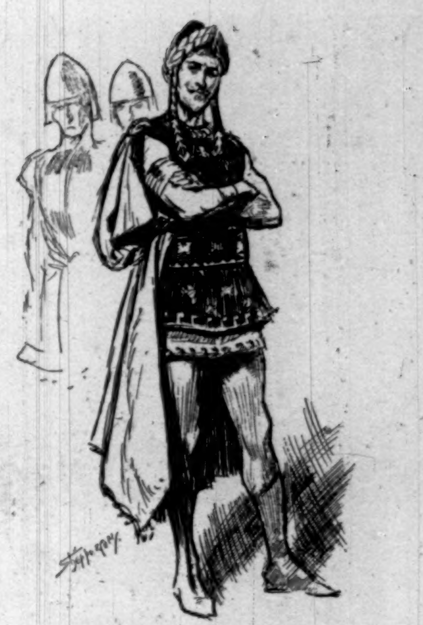
To be young and beautiful in person, to be graceful in pose and noble in poise, to be an aristocrat both in the interpretation of the music and of the character—all this is demanded of her who interprets Mancinelli's *Ero* aright; and to this is added one more demand, one to which Madame Eames alone, of the great sopranos now on the stage, is equal. The music written for *Ero* demands not only great declamatory force and dramatic intensity of expression, but unusual compass of voice and flexibility in execution—all constituting an almost impossible combination. But the almost impossible becomes with Eames the quite possible. In the delicious "Song of the Shell" and in the remarkable "Torch Song" the wonderful flexibility and penetrating purity of her voice are manifest, while in the two fine love duets with *Leandro* the intensity of her declamatory style is proved triumphantly.



L. MANCINELLI, COMPOSER OF "ERO E LEANDRO."

As *Leandro* Saléza, the French tenor (who soon makes his American début), has in comparison with *Ero* but little to do; yet that little is much if one measures it by its demands upon the voice and the dramatic resources of the interpreter of the character. Of Saléza, of his method and his lack of it, of his musical virtues and faults—and there are many of each—more anon. Suffice it to say here of his *Leandro* that it has a dramatic intelligence and a musical frankness that make it interesting in these days of the mechanical on the one hand and the over-subtle on the other.

In most operas there is a bore, just as there is in most society. *Henry the Fowler* in "Lohengrin" and *Valentine* in "Faust" are two of the most notable ones that come to mind at present; they are characters that are only redeemed by the great artists who have from time to time interpreted them. To this list must be added that of *Ariopharnes* in "Ero e Leandro," the redemption in this case being effected by Plançon, who, by-the-way, is on this occasion a Greek with a curled, square-cut Assyrian beard. It is a paradox perhaps to say that *Ariopharnes* would be less of a bore if one could have more of him, but it is true that a further development of the character would add much to its interest. It is an unwritten law of the stage that every principal character shall have its "chance." *Ariopharnes* has none, except in a short solo in the second act, "In Mezzo al Mar," in which he tells of the oracle having commanded the re-establishment of the Maiden's Tower by the Hellespont.



SALÉZA AS *LEANDRO.*

Ero's numbers, as might be expected, are both many and varied. The one that will be best known is the "Song of the Shell," already alluded to. One may confidently expect to see it soon added to the list of soprano "test solos," while the "Torch Song" and the two duets with *Leandro* will be saved by their great difficulty from commonness.

Ariopharnes's entrance is always heralded by a fine motif for trumpets, and there are two choruses, one almost immediately following the other, in the second act, that are unusual in form and quite splendid in effect. The first begins, "Beato vittima del casto vel!" (Oh, blessed victim of the holy veil!); the other is the finale, "Peana! Peana!" (We hail thee! We hail thee!).

By all odds the most delicately written of all the numbers is the Idyl for *Ero* and *Leandro* in the first act, beginning, "Ero, soave del volto celeste," and merging into the exquisite passage for *Ero*, with violin obbligato.

As to the general character of the music? Perhaps the critics who are adverse to Mancinelli will accuse him of affectation in his orchestration, and not without cause, especially in the first act. As to composition, he is often possessed of an evil spirit of consecutive fifths, and also pursued by the demon of the chromatic scale; the two combined or alternated give a Wagner-cum-Verdi-cum-Piccini effect. But when he has done with his experiments, then he is very successful.

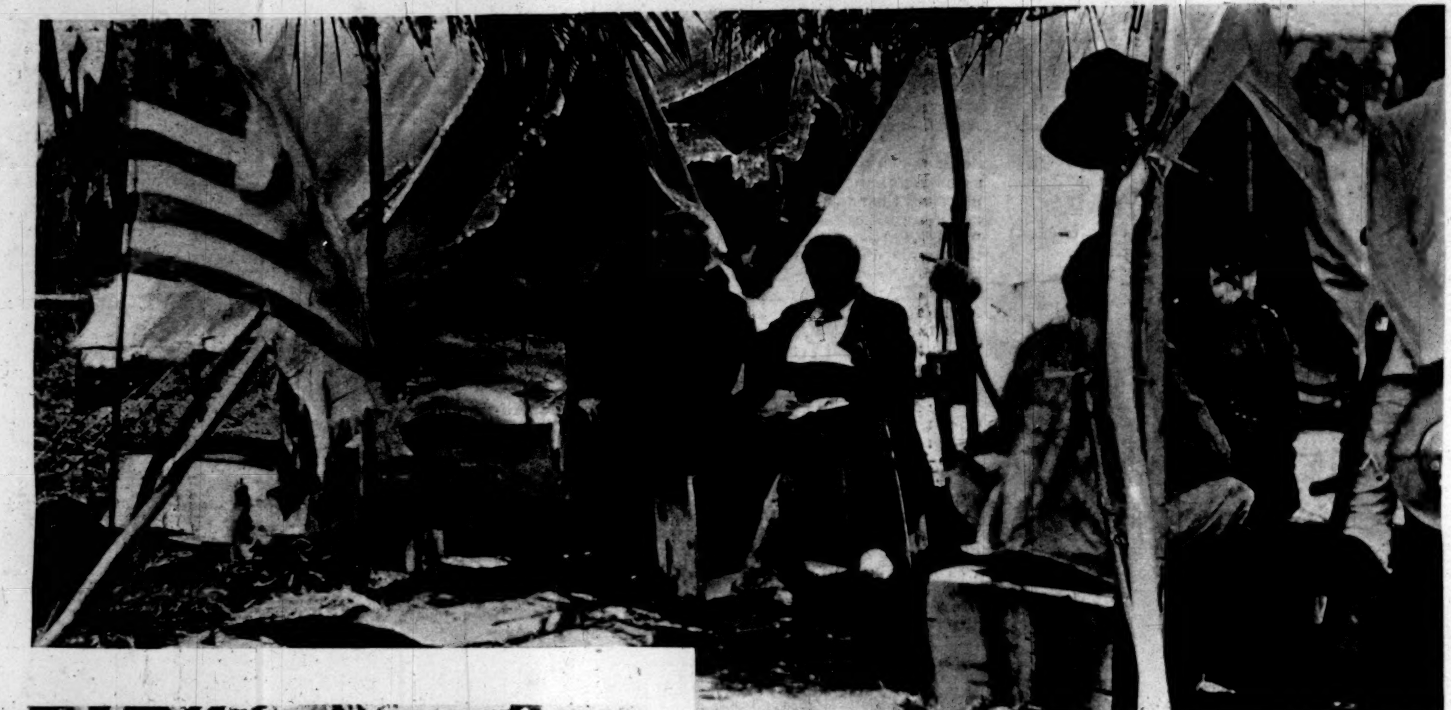
Of those often inharmonious sounds which we call harmony there is enough and to spare in these degenerate days, but melody is rare, and it is in this latter direction that Mancinelli is at his best. No Mancinelli can serve two masters.
Florence Hayward.

THE CALL.

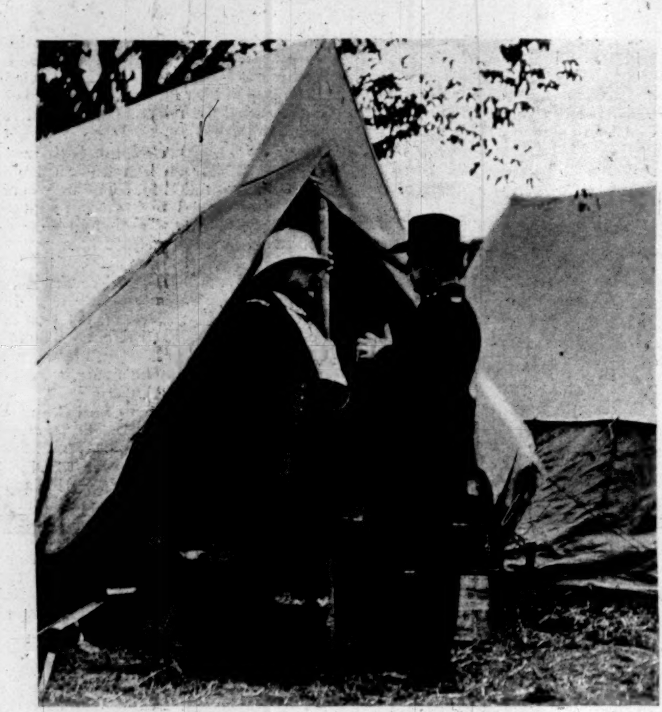
The clouds grew dark as the people paused,
  A people of peace and toil,
And there came a cry from all the sky:
  "*Come, children of mart and soil,*
Your mother needs you—hear her voice;
  Though she has not a son to spare,
She has spoken the word that ye all have heard.
  Come, answer ye everywhere!"

They need no urging to stir them on,
  They yearn for no battle-cry.
At the word that their country calls for men
They throw down hammer and scythe and pen,
  And are ready to serve and die!
From the North, from the South, from East, from West,
  Hear the thrill of the rumbling drum?
Under one flag they march along,
With their voices swelling a single song,
  Here they come, they come, they come!
List! the North men cheer the men from the South,
  And the South returns the cheer.
There is no question of East or West,
For hearts are atune in every breast,
  'Tis a nation answering here.

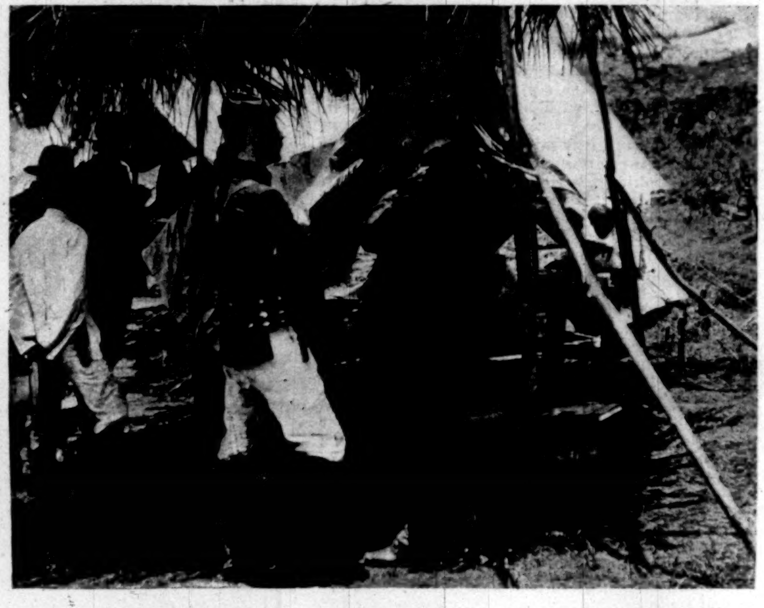
It is elbow to elbow and knee to knee,
  One land for each and for all,
And the veterans' eyes see their children rise
  To answer their country's call.
They have not forgotten—God grant not so!
  (Ah, we know of the graves on the hill),
But these eager feet make the old hearts beat,
  And the old eyes dim and fill!
The Past sweeps out and the Present comes,
  A Present that all have wrought,
And the sons of these sires, at the same camp fires,
  Cheer one flag where their fathers fought!
Yes, we know of the graves on the Southern hills
  That are filled with the Blue and the Gray.
We know how they fought and how they died,
We honor them both there side by side,
  And they're brothers again to-day,
Brothers again—thank God on high!
  (Here's a hand-clasp all around).
The sons of one race now take their place
  On one common and holy ground.
Richard Barry.



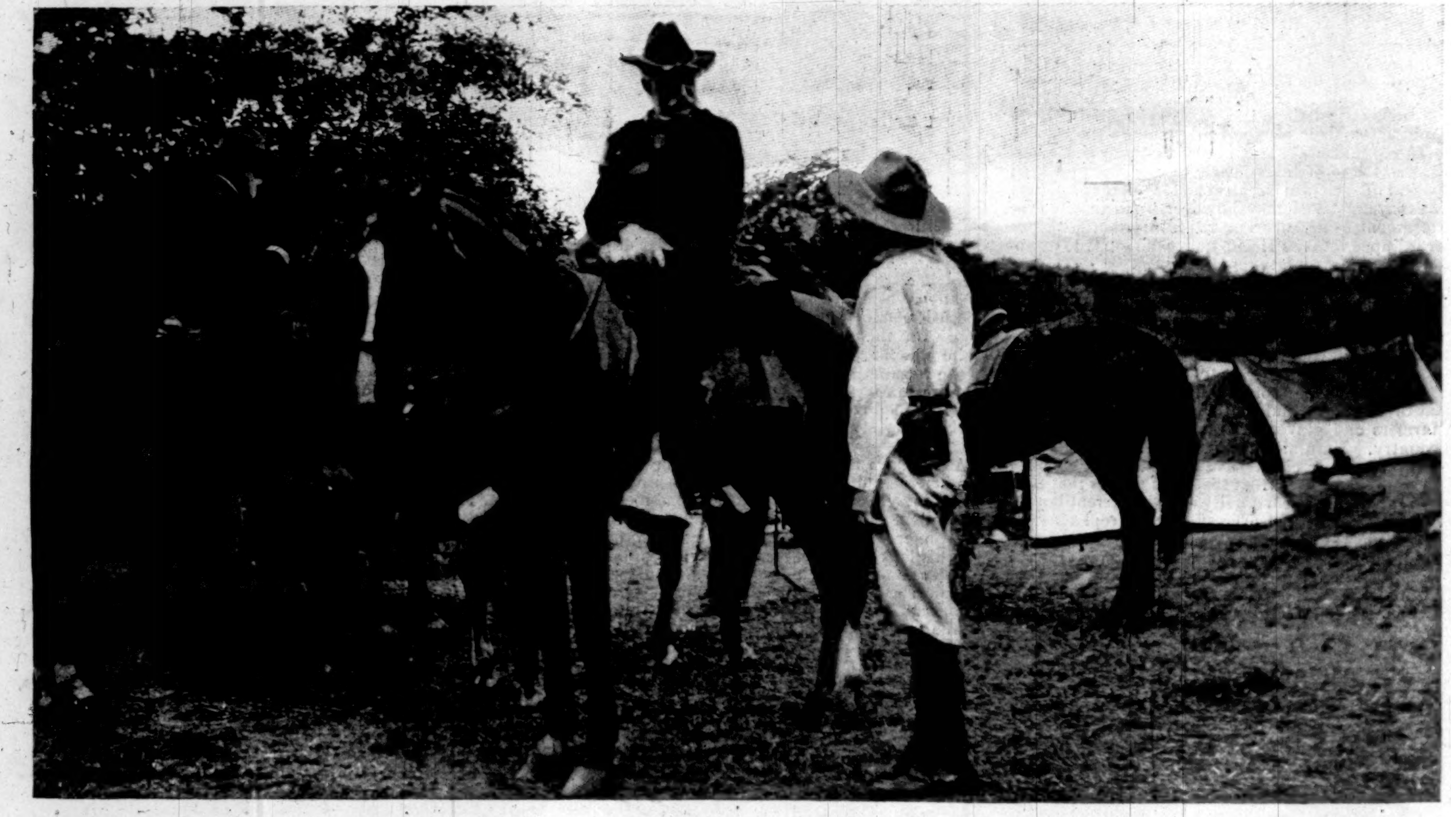
GENERAL MILES AND GENERAL SHAFTER HAVING A CONSULTATION.



GENERALS MILES AND SHAFTER TALKING OVER THE SURRENDER.



GENERAL MILES AND LIEUTENANT HOBSON CHATTING.



GENERAL MILES.

SCENES AT SANTIAGO DURING THE NEGOTIATIONS FOR SURRENDER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH GENERAL SHAFTER'S ARMY.

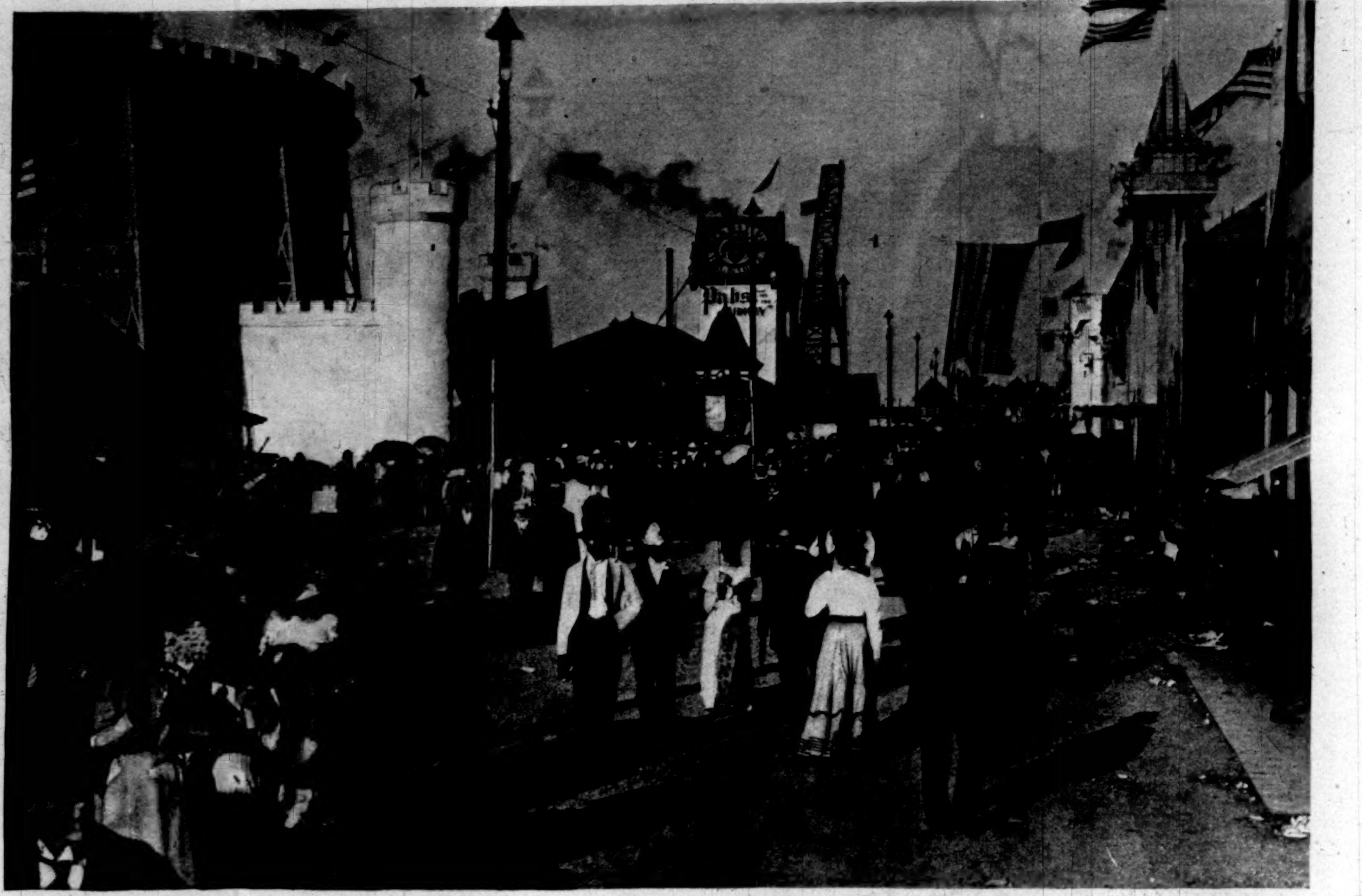
UNITED STATES ARMY OFFICERS ENTERING SPANISH LINES UNDER FLAG OF TRUCE.

GENERALS GARCIA AND CASTILLO VISIT GENERALS MILES, SHAFTER, AND WHEELER.

OUR TROOPS CHEERING UPON RECEIVING NEWS OF SANTIAGO'S FALL.

SCENES AT SANTIAGO DURING THE NEGOTIATIONS FOR SURRENDER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH GENERAL SHAFTER'S ARMY.



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THE OMAHA EXPOSITION.

A LINE drawn somewhat irregularly down the map of the United States, beginning at the Canadian border, thence along the eastern sides of Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Illinois, along the southern border of Missouri, the eastern and southern sides of Texas, thence to and along the Pacific coast, and returning by the Canadian border line to the head of Lake Superior, broadly defines the territory represented in the Trans-Mississippi Exposition in the city of Omaha. Other commonwealths outside of this line have exhibits in the exposition, but it is this great Western region which particularly the fair illustrates. It may be well briefly to indicate somewhat of the enormous extent of territory represented. Inclusive of Alaska, which is logically a part of the region, and which is represented capitally in the building erected by the general government, there are in the region two million six hundred thousand square miles of territory. It comprises more than two-thirds of the whole United States—a vast and noble domain.

It is as large as France, Germany, England, Scotland, Ireland, Austria-Hungary, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Switzerland, Greece, Sweden, Norway, the Netherlands, Denmark, Turkey in Europe, Bulgaria, Roumania, and Servia, together with Egypt and Japan, the Philippine Islands, Hawaii, and Cuba; and, in addition to all these, you must add all of New York, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Maine, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, and South Carolina. When you have set apart all these foreign countries, and to their combined area have added the areas of thirteen of the States of our own country, you have but reached the area of the region which is represented in this Western exposition. There were living in this region a half-century ago less than two million people, exclusive of Indians, three-fourths of the white inhabitants being in three States. To-day this population has been increased by over twenty millions of people.

Some of the States in the region are represented by special exhibits in the main buildings devoted to the large interests of the exposition, but quite a number of States have erected interesting buildings along a wide esplanade at the eastern portion of the exposition-grounds. The State buildings stand somewhat back from the main street, so to call it, of this portion of the grounds. They are of varying architecture, some of them of the prevailing staff of the buildings along the grand central canal, others in subdued colors, while one of them, the Minnesota State building, is in the form of a Swiss chalet, constructed wholly of logs from the timber regions of that State.

Hard by stands an attractive building, one of the few erected to represent outside commonwealths. It is by the State of New York. A charming exterior with wide colonnaded verandas invites to an interior capitally arranged for the purposes of a building of this character.

Perhaps the mighty advancement of the trans-Mississippi region is not objectively illustrated in any better way than by a comparison of the leading buildings along the esplanade with a small dark house in the rear of the Nebraska Building. It is a typical home of the early days, and even now, on the outposts of the region, no doubt you may see its counterpart in actual use. It is made wholly of sod. The walls are perhaps eighteen inches thick, and consist of layers of sod laid up in a neat manner, with deep windows and a low doorway. On the top of the house the flowers are growing, while feathery grasses on the side walls sway in the wind.

It has hardly been possible to think of Kansas in these later years without commiseration for her mortgage-burdened condition, but the emancipation from debt, which has been effected in the midst and in spite of the hard times, is celebrated at this exposition by a neat and ample building, whose interior, as well as exterior, speaks of the more solid prosperity which has found a home in this long-suffering commonwealth.

The twenty-two millions of people represented by these State buildings and the arch of States have found time to do something other than till the soil and work the mines and build the railroads. They have had enormous pioneering labors in the last half-century, and yet in this region indicated they have found time to establish two hundred and twenty institutions of higher learning; they have equipped these institutions with modern appliances, and have selected, generally with good sense and wisdom, a corps of nearly five thousand instructors and professors. According to the latest available statistics, these institutions have a scholastic population of nearly seventy thousand. In a general population of about seventy-two millions of people there are four hundred and eighty-four colleges and universities, and nearly one hundred and sixty thousand students; in the region represented by these States, comprising less than one-third of the entire population of the country, there are nearly one-half of the collegians, and two hundred and twenty out of four hundred and eighty institutions of higher learning.

It is difficult to realize how much the great material as well as intellectual progress of the nation has been dependent for its supplies upon this trans-Mississippi region; that without this vast and noble empire very largely must our national life have been circumscribed and insular. Too often also has it been forgotten that it is the Mother East that has given birth to this giant West. All too contentedly do some of Western fibre let pass from mind the fact that the intimate interrelation of the East has been of supreme aid in developing the scope and power of the newer region.

So recently, as nations mark time, a dependency of the crown of Spain, and now one of the chief glories of a nation to whom Spain must bow, this trans-Mississippi region seems right worthily entitled thus to step aside from its immense activities and to present to the nation such a proof of progress as this exposition affords. It is very much to the credit of this vast region that this fair so amply illustrates the present and so hopefully speaks of the future of this great storehouse, on which the nation may draw in splendid confidence.

A really magnificent arch, done in white, rising like some tribute to the victories of a great general, stands on a wide esplanade facing the central court of the exposition. In place of an opening for the passage of triumphal hosts a mighty sounding-board rises to the highest inner point of the arch, and under this the bands play. By night an electric arch under the façade sends its soft glow upon the performers. Orchestral and choral performances are given in an auditorium seating several thousands of people, built upon the grounds. Sensibly enough, the exposition management makes these fine concerts free to the public, and many thousands of people attend them.

The exposition has a Midway—a double-decker, so to say—running like a big L around the eastern and southern portions of the grounds. The fertile fakir is there, a bit more free and easy than he would be under Eastern restraint, a little cheaper and more commonplace mayhap, but still picturesque. The Oriental people, they with the flowing robes and inflated trousers and *blasé* faces and generally professional make-up, they and their camels and their donkeys, their quaint streets and their incessant chatter and their unwholesome dances and their dirty hands—the same parties that make all Midways interesting and vivid—are here in force. In fact, the exposition has deluged the public with the Oriental; for, in addition to the "Streets of All Nations," where the foreign folk dance and drive and smoke cigarettes, and swear in unknown tongues, there is the "Streets of Cairo," a rival institution of the same character. The proprietors of the two streets have been fighting in the courts for supremacy, one trying to oust the other, on the ground that the concession should have been sold to but one.

A novelty in the Midway region is the giant seesaw, which must be over a hundred feet high. It is made of steel, and its skeleton frame-work is balanced on an iron pier about fifty feet from the ground. On this pier is the working machinery of the concern. Two cages or cars, large enough to accommodate a good many people, are attached to the seesaw, one at either end of the giant arms—in you go, and up you go to a startling height.

The illumination of the grounds is admirable. I saw the city of Paris illuminated one night in honor of the return of President Faure from his successful mission to St. Petersburg, but there was nothing in the illumination of the French capital to be spoken of in the same breath with the display you may see any night on the grounds of the exposition. The Court of Honor, or whatever name you choose to give it, lies a half-mile long, a rippling-waved lagoon in its centre bearing many a picturesque gondola. The water reflects back the thousands of electric lights, which define with beautiful distinctness the great buildings that border the lagoon. In the distance, rising in noble proportions, its splendid façade picked out in soft lines of yellow light, the Government Building stands silhouetted against the dark sky. All down the court on either side, and here and there at short irregular distances from the buildings, stand graceful Grecian pillars—upon their tops no flaming torches or glowing smoking incense, but a knot of brilliant electric lights, symbolical rather of modern investigation than of ancient introspection. By day these pillars are fine and interesting, whether singly or in vistas; by night they are peculiarly attractive—a note of rich beauty in the general harmony.

From the western end of the court, looking toward the distant viaduct over one of the city streets, the view is scarcely less enchanting. The pillared corridors that connect the main buildings and afford such capital relief from rain or snow have their share of illumination. They join beyond the buildings in a graceful semicircle, or, as it is otherwise called, a hemicycle stairway, rising easily from the lagoon. Above this is a domed projection, under which the speakers stand on special occasions requiring oratorical display; and still above this two lofty minarets, each one bearing a graceful figure standing with sickle in hand, typical of the harvest. The effect of the illumination, looking either way from east to west or midway in the great canal, is very beautiful. Should you call it magnificent—indeed, superb—you would not misapply the words.

Perhaps the building which attracts the lion's share of attention on the grounds is the one devoted to the government exhibit. The military display, quite naturally these days, draws many eyes. Elaborate reproductions of the uniforms of the various military epochs in our history are shown at one end of the great interior of the building, while in the opposite wing models of many of the battleships of all classes are eagerly eyed by the thousands who visit the building. In deep black one beautiful ship is encased, the base of its case a catafalque. It is a ship very dear, sadly, tragically dear, to America. Above its shapely form the government has printed, in clear types,

"REMEMBER THE MAINE."

Perhaps nothing in the immense building attracts the attention that does this beautiful model of the noble craft.

It would seem that all former expositions have been outdone in the matter of agricultural display. A large beautiful building near to the Government Building is devoted wholly to agriculture, illustrating in very many ways the progress as well as the present importance of this department of our national life. Very ingenious, and in a certain restricted sense very artistic, are the decorations of this building. There seems to be hardly anything susceptible of decorative treatment that cannot be reproduced by the materials which nature provides in field and meadow and farm. Illustrations of scenes of pioneer life—very attractive at a distance as pictures—prove on inspection to be wholly of corn or wheat or grasses, no color of any character save that which nature paints in the green spring or the ruddy summer or the rich brown autumn.

In front of one exhibit, that of the State of Kansas, a wicked little black mortar has for its ammunition a pile of glass cannon balls filled with corn, wheat, and rye, and on them kind Kansans have placed the words, "For Cuba."

In the region which this building illustrates is already raised more than one-half of the nation's supply of wheat, nearly two-thirds of its corn, and an enormous amount of the lesser grains and vegetables, while its live-stock interests are of vast value and extent. In the season of 1897 the region which is represented in the exhibits of this building produced, in round numbers, three hundred million bushels of wheat and considerably over one billion bushels of corn, while the total value of its agricultural output was somewhat in excess of one billion of dollars.

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BUILDING.
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Certainly none of the great buildings of the fair possesses a larger field in which to study the many-sided West than the one devoted to an illustration of the mines of the region. The output of the mines of the trans-Mississippi region is now upwards of three hundred millions of dollars in value per year. The extent to which these figures may be drawn out passes from the realm of estimation into pure conjecture, now that the mines of Alaska, a part of the region in reality, are pouring forth their riches.

BRIDGES, AND THE ARCH OF STATES.
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In the mining exhibit of Utah we read, on a high placard at one end of the booth, "Utah has produced in thirty years gold, silver, lead, and copper to the value of $199,000,000." Some exuberant Mormon has put in big letters at one end of the long exhibit, "Utah, the Jasper-walled Treasure House of the Gods."

Near at hand is the exhibit of Colorado, showing in various way the riches of her mines, while adjoining is a mimic gold-mine in full blast—a capital representation of the workings of the mine. Statistics will be furnished you at the Colorado booth showing that last year the State mined over nineteen million five hundred thousand dollars' worth of gold, nearly thirteen millions of silver, almost a million of copper, and two and three-quarter millions of lead, while since records have been available, less than fifty years, she has put forth one hundred and seventy-five millions in gold, and considerably over three hundred millions in silver.

And so you may pass on from booth to booth, reading figures as to the vast mineral resources of these States—Montana, New Mexico, Minnesota, now having the greatest iron-fields in the world; Wyoming, Utah, California, Kansas—yes, even Kansas, for she has much lead to mine; South Dakota and Nevada. Ample space was provided in the building for the exhibits from the various mining States, and the arrangement is very interesting and the exhibits very easy to study. Some of the States have handsomely enclosed their exhibits with huge pillars, illustrative of some feature of their mineral wealth. Not only minerals of the precious class, but many varieties of building-stone and huge specimens of coal from the newer Western fields are shown. In the centre of the main aisle of the building is a pyramid of solid silver weighing three thousand four hundred and eighty-eight pounds, one day's product of one of the smelters of Omaha.

One of the most beautiful buildings of the exposition is that devoted to the fine arts. The love of the Western people for that which is noble in art is attested in a very fine and beautiful way by this exposition. The great buildings of the grounds, their architectural adornment, the surpassingly beautiful illuminations of the grand central court at night—these speak eloquently of the appreciation of art in its broader scope. In the Fine Arts Building this is illustrated in a more definite way. The eight or nine hundred works shown might not be considered a very striking exhibit in some older city where art has thriven long, but in this frontier city, so to term it, the gathering of such a collection in such a noble building is something of more than ordinary significance. The catalogue shows a good many works by men of prominence—Corot, Puvis de Chavannes, Troyon, Diaz, Clande Monet, De Neuville, Constant, Delacroix, Dupré, Mosler, Kenyon Cox, Elihu Vedder, Edwin Lord Weeks, Carl Guthers, among them. Leading illustrators are represented through magazine collections—Remington, Zogbaum, Sonntag, Thulstrup, Chapman, Gaul, Wiles, Hopkinson Smith, Loeb, Castaign, Pennell, Pyle, Church, Frost, Smedley, Low, and others.

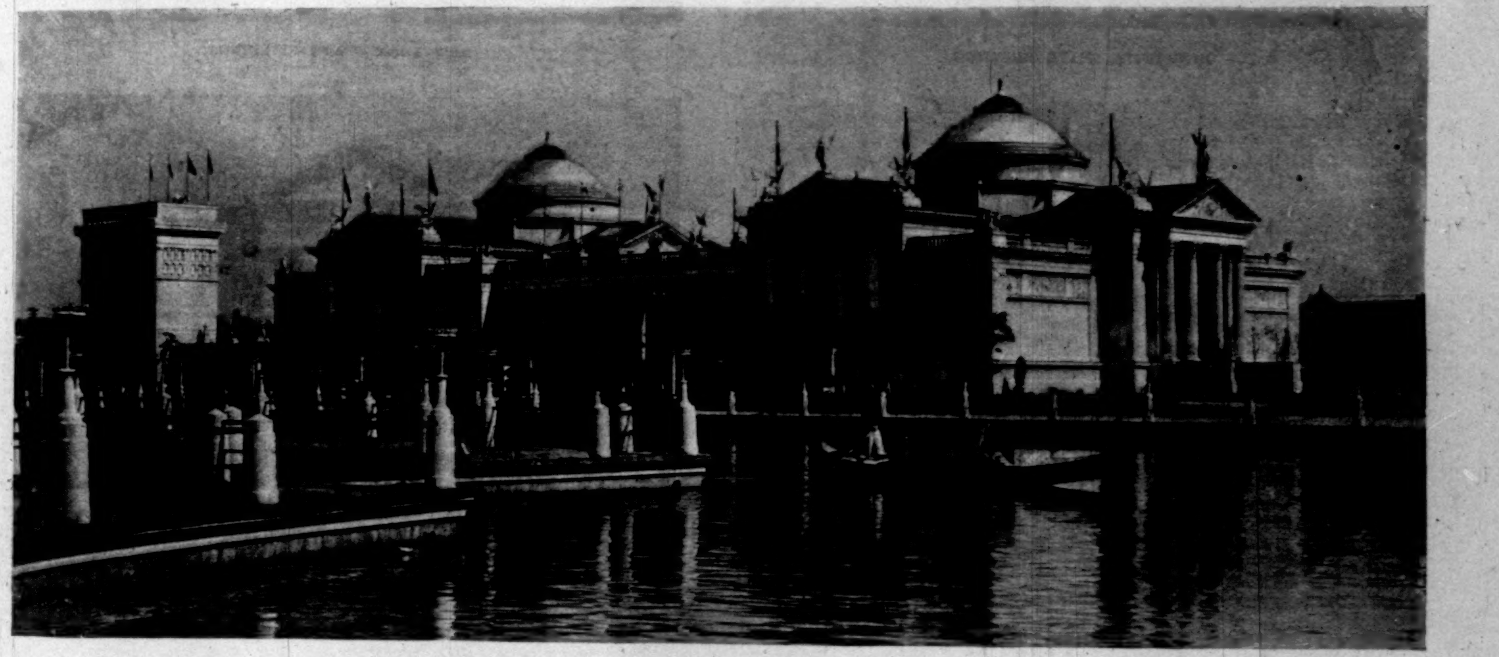
Perhaps one of the most interesting surprises which come to an Eastern man visiting this exposition is the fact, which somebody calls to his attention in the vast building devoted to the manufacturing interests, that one of the States in this new region, Illinois, until but recently, as time is counted in a large way, the habitat of the Indian, produced in value, according to the late census, more manufactured products, including receipts from custom-work and repairing, than any other State in the Union save New York. There is in this, as well as in the manifold exhibits of this building, a suggestion as to the possibilities of this trans-Mississippi region quite in a different line from any which in general it has been believed possible here to pursue. A pyramid of flour in an exhibit from the State of Minnesota also calls to mind the fact that away in the interior of this region, far from the fringe of the agricultural territory, more flour is manufactured in one Western city, Minneapolis, than in any other city in the world. And it is of interest to note, too, though not specifically manufacturing, that the city of Omaha, in which this exposition is held, has the largest smelting-works in the world, turning out annually over twelve million dollars in gold and silver. In the Manufactures Building, seemingly incongruous, though probably the most appropriate place on the grounds, are shown the products of the three great packing cities of the world—Chicago, Kansas City, and South Omaha; and really the booths which present these products of the shambles are among the most artistic and interesting in the building.

The extent to which manufacturing is being entered into in the West is a revelation to one who has not before given the matter consideration. I saw one immense exhibit, illustrating the variety of goods manufactured, given up to a display of all manner of matting for floors made from prairie-grass of tough fibre—on the face of it a very sensible and to be profitable field for manufacturing.

Take them as a whole, the buildings on the grounds of this exposition, which illustrate the progress of the trans-Mississippi region in so superb a manner, are more important, from the stand-point of the man of practical affairs, than any other feature of the many-sided fair. They are not only narrative, they are prophetic. They tell not only of the power of the West, but of its possibilities.

Omaha, Nebraska, 1898.

W. S. Harwood.



THE FINE ARTS BUILDING.
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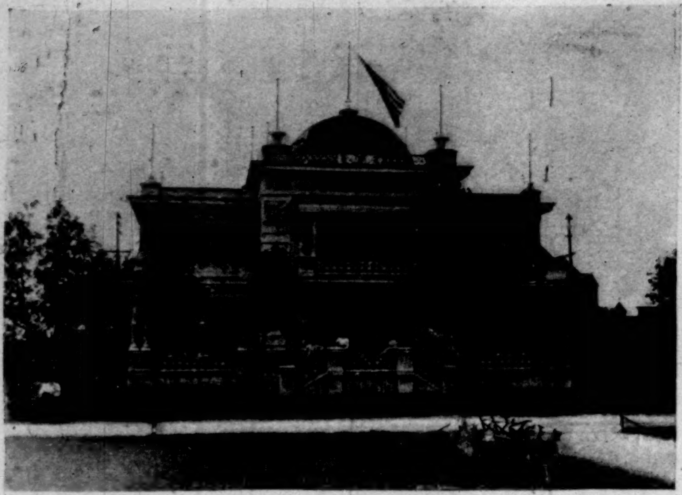
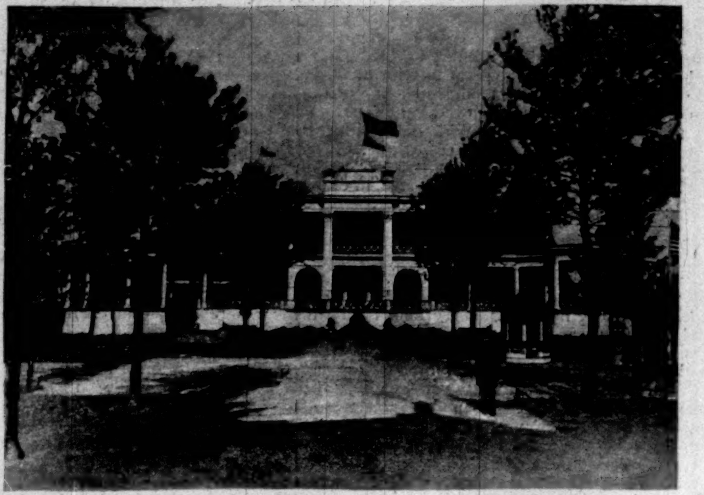
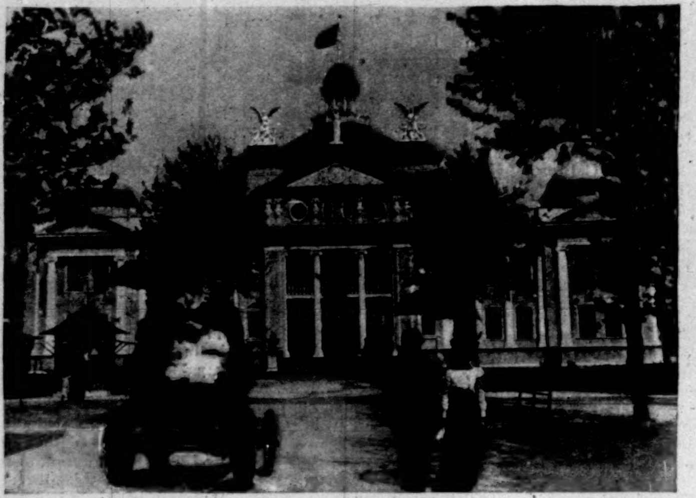


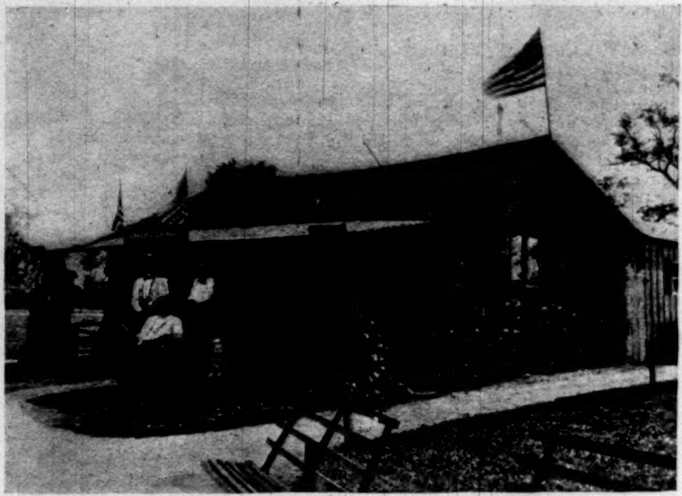
GEORGIA STATE BUILDING.



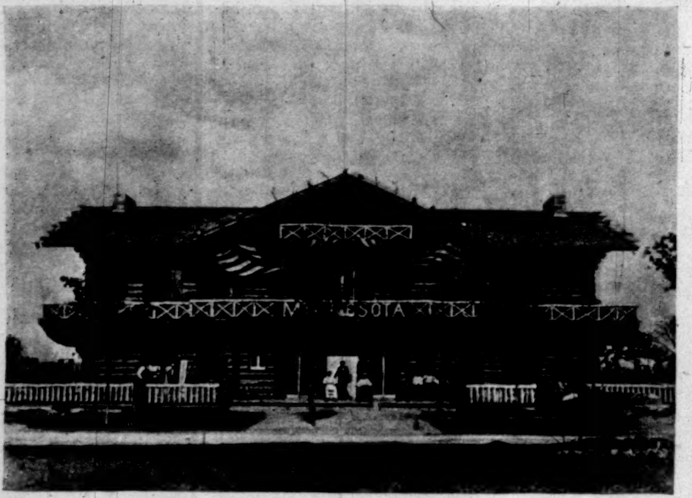
IOWA STATE BUILDING.



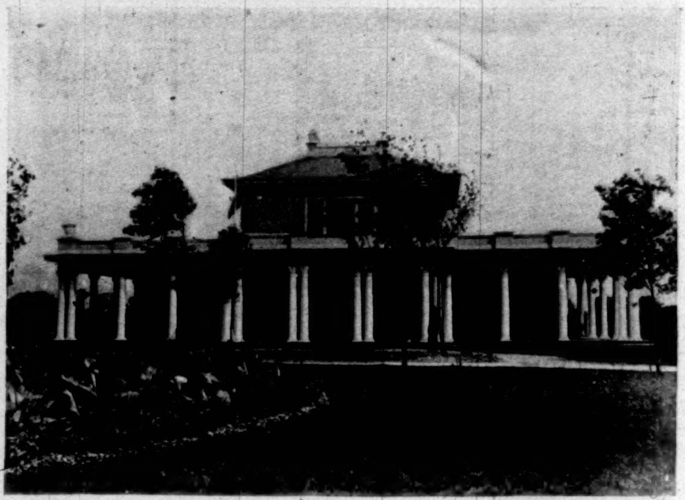
NEBRASKA STATE BUILDING.



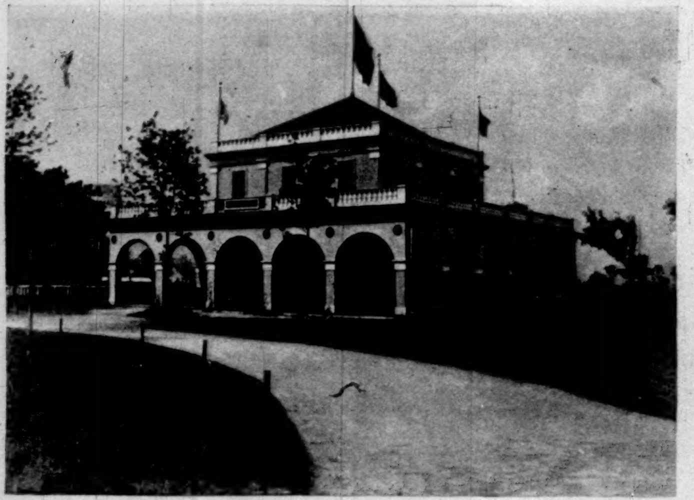
NEBRASKA SOD HOUSE (ON EXPOSITION-GROUNDS).



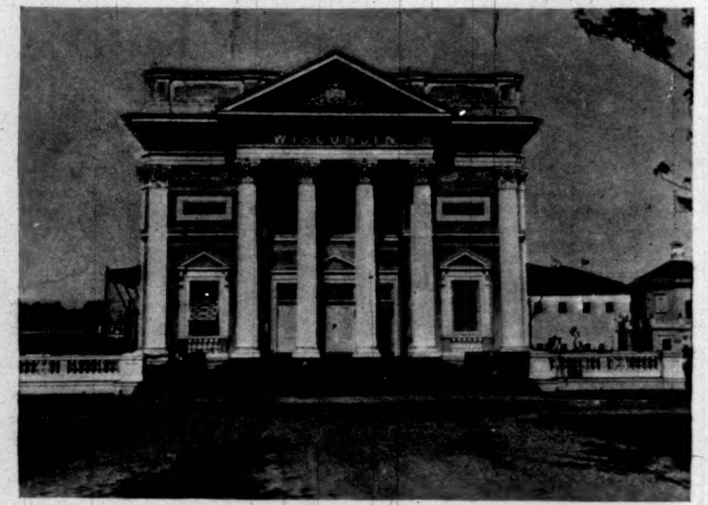
MINNESOTA STATE BUILDING.



NEW YORK STATE BUILDING.



KANSAS STATE BUILDING.



WISCONSIN STATE BUILDING.

THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI EXPOSITION AT OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

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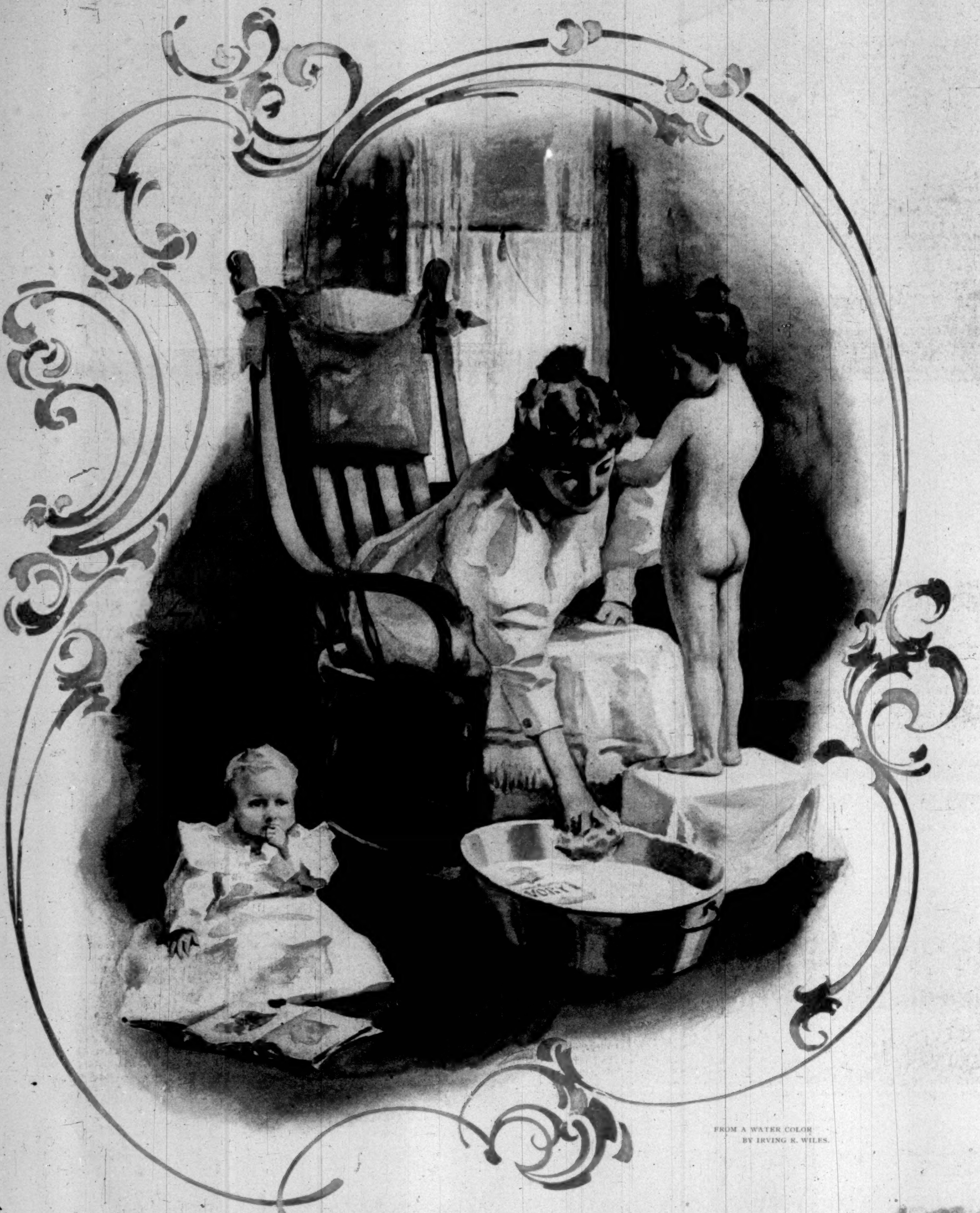

FROM A WATER COLOR
BY IRVING R. WILES.

"BABY'S IVORY BATH."

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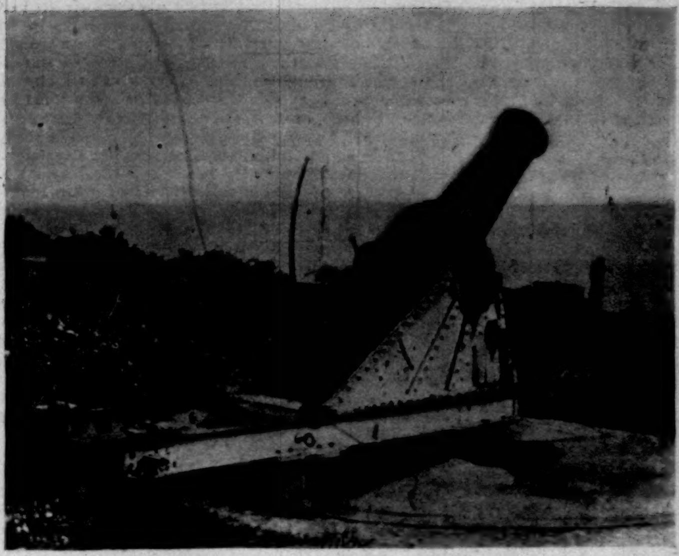
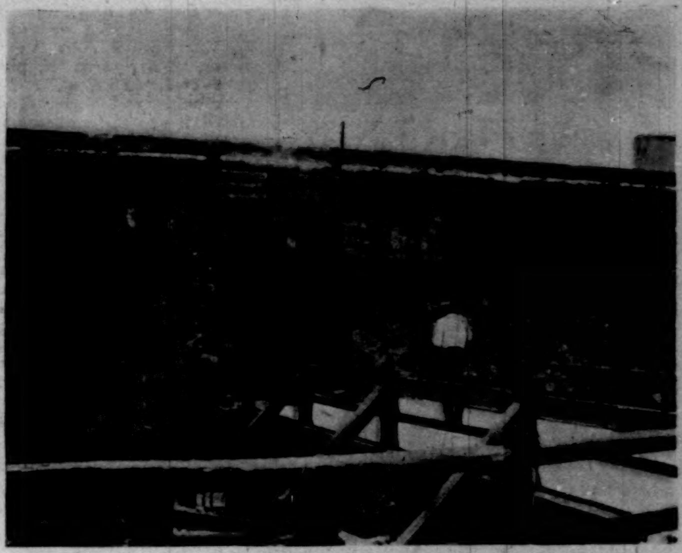
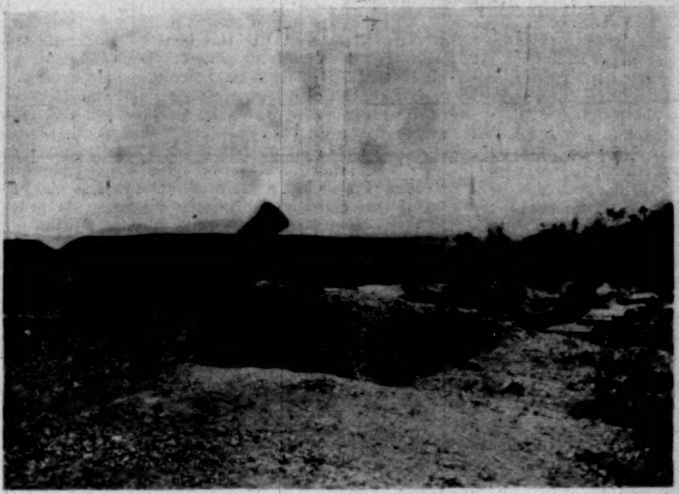


ZOCAPA BATTERY—MORTAR.



MORRO CASTLE—ENTRANCE.



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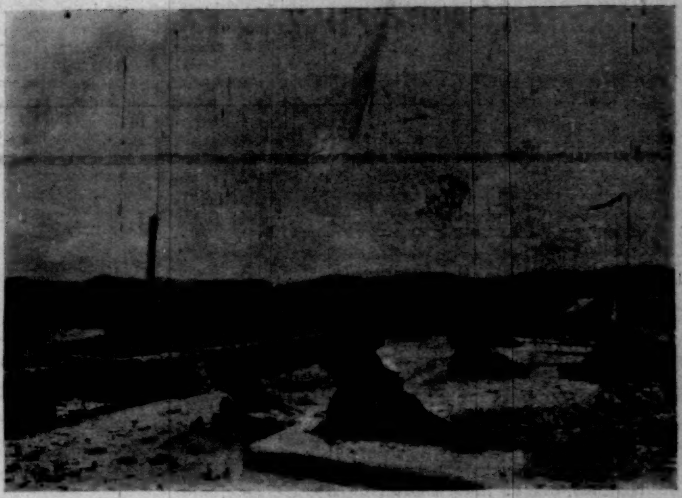
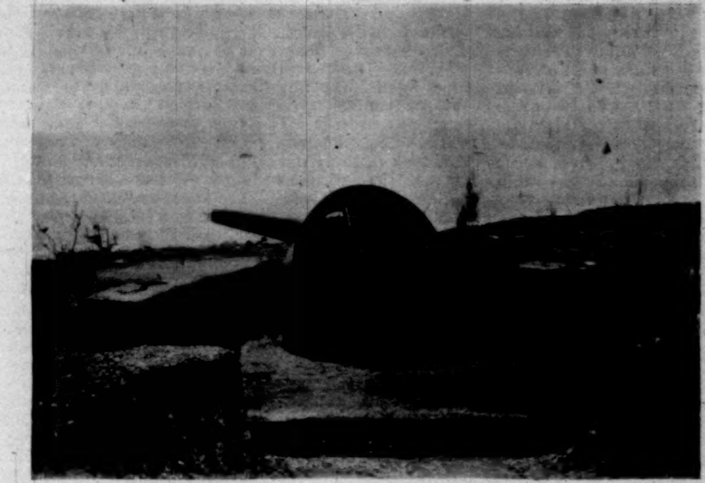


ON TOP OF MORRO CASTLE.



ZOCAPA BATTERY—16-CENTIMETRE MODERN RIFLE.

EASTERN BATTERY—GENERAL VIEW.

ZOCAPA BATTERY—BREASTWORKS.

EASTERN BATTERY—DEMOLISHED EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY GUN.

DEFENCES OF SANTIAGO.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HAROLD MARTIN, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

LIFE AND LETTERS

OUR SPANISH PRISONERS AT PORTSMOUTH.

Two or three weeks ago our cruisers, the *St. Louis* and the *Harvard*, arrived at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, with sixteen or seventeen hundred Spanish prisoners from Santiago de Cuba. They were partly soldiers of the land forces picked up by our troops in the fights before the city, but by far the greater part were sailors and marines from Cervera's ill-fated fleet. I have not much stomach for any war, and little or none at all for a war which began for humanity, and then, by the ruling of an inscrutable Providence, or perhaps an ironical destiny, became a war for territory, or at least for coaling-stations. But the poetry of the fact I have stated made a very potent appeal to me on my literary side, and I did not hold out against it longer than to let the *St. Louis* get away with Cervera to Annapolis, when only her less dignified captives remained with those of the *Harvard* to feed either the vainglory or the pensive curiosity of the spectator. Then I went over from our summer colony to Kittery Point, and got a boat, and sailed out to have a look at these subordinate enemies in the first hours of their imprisonment.

I.

It was an afternoon of the brilliancy known only to an afternoon of the American summer, and the water of the swift Piscataqua glittered in the sun with a really incomparable brilliancy. But nothing could light up the great monster of a ship, painted the dismal lead-color which our White Squadrons put on with the outbreak of the war, and she lay sullen in the stream with a look of ponderous repose, to which the activities of the coaling-barges at her side, and of the sailors washing her decks, seemed quite unrelated. A long gun forward and a long gun aft threatened the fleet of launches, tugs, dories, and cat-boats which fluttered about her, but the *Harvard* looked tired and bored, and seemed as if asleep. She had in fact finished her mission. The captives whom death had released had been carried out and sunk in the sea; those who survived to a further imprisonment had all been taken to the pretty island a mile further up in the river, where the tide rushes back and forth through the Narrows like a torrent. Its defiant rapidity has won it there the graphic name of Pull-and-be-Damned; and we could only hope to reach the island by a series of skilful tacks, which should humor both the wind and the tide, both dead against us. Our boatman, one of those shore New-Englanders who are born with a knowledge of sailing, was easily master of the art of this, but it took time, and gave me more than the leisure I wanted for trying to see the shore with the strange eyes of the captives who had just looked upon it. It was beautiful, I had to own, even in my quality of exile and prisoner. The meadows and the orchards came down to the water, or where the wandering line of the land was broken and lifted in black fronts of rock, they crept to the edge of the cliff and peered over it. A summer hotel stretched its verandas along a lovely level; everywhere in clovery hollows and on breezy knolls were gray old farm-houses, and summer cottages—like weather-beaten birds' nests, and like freshly painted marten-boxes; but all of a cold New England neatness which made me homesick for my malodorous Spanish fishing-village, shambling down in stony lanes to the warm tides of my native seas. Here, every place looked as if it had been newly scrubbed with soap and water, and rubbed down with a coarse towel, and was of an antipathetic alertness. The sweet, keen breeze made me shiver, and the northern sky, from which my blinding southern sun was blazing, was as hard as sapphire.

I tried to bewilder myself in the ignorance of a Catalonian or Asturian fisherman, and to wonder with his darkened mind why it should all or any of it have been, and why I should have escaped from the iron hell in which I had fought no quarrel of my own to fall into the hands of strangers, and to be haled overseas to these alien shores for a captivity of unknown term. But I need not have been at so much pains; the intelligence (I do not wish to boast) of an American author would have sufficed; for if there is anything more grotesque than another in war it is its monstrous inconsequence. If we had a grief with the Spanish government, and if it was so mortal we must do murder for it, we might have sent a joint committee of the House and Senate, and with the improved means of assassination which modern science has put at our command, killed off the Spanish cabinet, and even the Queen-Mother and the little King. This would have been consequent, logical, and in a sort reasonable; but to butcher and capture a lot of wretched Spanish peasants and fishermen, hapless conscripts to whom personally and nationally we were as so many men in the moon, was that melancholy and humiliating necessity of war which makes it homicide in which there is not even the saving grace of hate, or the excuse of hot blood.

I was able to console myself perhaps a little better for the captivity of the Spaniards than if I had really been one of them, as we drew nearer and nearer their prison isle, and it opened its knotty points and little ravines, overrun with sweet-fern, blueberry-bushes, bay, and low blackberry-vines, and rigidly traversed with a high stockade of yellow pine boards. Six or eight long low wooden barracks stretched side by side across the general slope, with the captive officers' quarters sheathed in weather-proof black paper, at one end of them. About their doors swarmed the common prisoners, spilling out over the steps and on the grass, where some of them lounged smoking. One operatic figure in a long blanket stalked athwart an open space; but there was such poverty of drama in the spectacle at the distance we were keeping that we were glad of so much as a shirt-sleeved contractor driving out of the stockade in his buggy. On the heights overlooking the enclosure Gatling guns were posted at three or four points, and every thirty or forty feet sentries met and parted, so indifferent to us, apparently, that we wondered if we might get nearer. We ventured, but at a certain moment a sentry called to us, "Fifty yards off, please!" Our young skipper answered, "All right," and as the sentry had a gun on his shoulder which we had every reason to believe was loaded, it was easily our pleasure to retreat to the specified limit. In fact, we came away altogether, after that, so little promise was there of our being able to satisfy our curiosity farther. We came away carefully nursing such impression as we had got of a spectacle whose historical quality we did our poor best to feel. It related us, after considerable solicitation, to the wars against the Moors, against the Mexicans and Peruvians, against the Dutch; to the Italian campaigns of the Gran Capitan, to the Siege of Florence, to the Sack of Rome, to the wars of the Spanish Succession, and I do not know what others. I do not deny that there was a certain æsthetic joy in having the Spanish prisoners there for this effect; we came away duly grateful for what we had seen of them; and we had long duly resigned ourselves to seeing no more, when word was sent to us that our young skipper had got a permit to visit the island, and wished us to go with him.

II.

It was just such another afternoon when we went again, the other day; but this time we took the joyous trolley-car, and bounded and pirouetted along as far as the Navy Yard of Kittery, and there we dismounted and walked among the vast, ghostly ship-sheds, so long empty of ships. The grass grows in the Kittery Navy Yard, where it is popularly believed that influences which we call corruption in the Spanish government and pull in our own, have prevented any ship-building for many years; but it is all the pleasanter for the grass, and those pale, silent sheds are far more impressive in their silence than they would have been if resonant with saw and hammer. At several points, an unarmed marine left his leisure somewhere, and lunged across our path with a mute appeal for our permit; but we were nowhere delayed till we came to the office where it had to be countersigned, and after that we had presently crossed a bridge, by shady, rustic ways, and were on the prison island. Here, if possible, the sense of something pastoral deepened; a man driving a file of cows passed before us under kindly trees, and the bell which the foremost of these milky mothers wore about her silken throat sent forth its clear, tender note as if from the depth of some grassy bosk, and instantly witched me away to the woods-pastures which my boyhood knew in southern Ohio. Even when we got to what seemed fortifications they turned out to be the walls of an old reservoir, and bore on their gate a paternal warning that children unaccompanied by adults, were not allowed within.

We mounted some stone steps over this portal, and were met by a young marine, who left his Gatling gun for a moment to ask for our permit, and then went back satisfied. But here we found ourselves in the presence of a sentry with a rifle on his shoulder, who was rather more exacting. Still, he only wished to be convinced, and when he had pointed out the headquarters where we were next to go, he let us over his beat. At the headquarters there was another sentry, equally serious, but equally civil, and with the intervention of an orderly our leader saw the officer of the day. He came out of the quarters looking rather blank, for he had learnt that his pass admitted our party to the lines, but not to the stockade, which we might approach, at a certain point of vantage and look over into, but not penetrate. We resigned ourselves, as we must, and made what we could of the nearest prison barrack, whose door overflowed and whose windows swarmed with swarthy captives. Here they were, at such close quarters that their black, eager eyes easily pierced the pockets full of cigarettes which we had brought for them. They looked mostly very young, and there was one smiling rogue at the first window who was obviously prepared to catch anything thrown to him. He caught, in fact, the first box of cigarettes shied over the stockade; the next box flew open, and spilled its precious contents outside the dead-line under the window, where I hope some compassionate guard gathered them up and gave them to the captives.

Our fellows looked capable of any kindness to their wards short of letting them go. They were a most friendly company, with an effect of picnicking there among the sweet-fern and blueberries, where they had pitched their wooden tents with as little disturbance to the shrubbery as possible. They were very polite to us, and when, after that misadventure with the cigarettes (I had put our young leader up to throwing the box, merely supplying the *corpus delicti* myself), I wandered vaguely toward a Gatling gun planted on an earthen platform where the laurel and the dog-roses had been cut away for it, the man in charge explained with a smile of apology that I must not pass a certain path I had already crossed.

One always accepts the apologies of a man with a Gatling gun to back them, and I retreated. That seemed the end; and we were going crestfallenly away when the officer of the day came out and allowed us to make his acquaintance. He permitted us, with laughing reluctance, to learn that he had been in the fight at Santiago, and had come with the prisoners, and he was most obligingly sorry that our permit did not let us into the stockade. I said I had some cigarettes for the prisoners, and I supposed I might send them in, but he said he could not allow this, for they had money to buy tobacco; and he answered another of our party, who had not a soul above buttons, and who asked if she could get one from the Spaniards, that so far from promoting her wish, he would have been obliged to take away any buttons she might have got from them.

"The fact is," he explained, "you've come to the wrong end for transactions in buttons and tobacco."

But perhaps innocence so great as ours had wrought upon him. When we said we were going, and thanked him for his unavailing good-will, he looked at his watch and said they were just going to feed the prisoners; and after some parley he suddenly called out, "Music of the guard!" Instead of a regimental band, which I had supposed summoned, a single corporal ran out the barracks, touching his cap.

"Take this party round to the gate," the officer said, and he promised us that he would see us there, and hoped we would not mind a rough walk. We could have answered that to see his prisoners fed we would wade through fathoms of red-tape; but in fact we were arrested at the last point by nothing worse than the barbed wire which fortified the outer gate. Here two marines were willing to tell us how well the prisoners lived, while we stared into the stockade through an inner gate of plank which was run back for us. They said the Spaniards had a breakfast of coffee, and hash, or stew, and potatoes, and a dinner of soup and roast; and now at five o'clock they were to have bread and coffee, which indeed we saw the white-capped, white-jacketed cooks bringing out in huge tin wash-boilers. Our marines were of opinion, and no doubt rightly, that these poor Spaniards had never known in their lives before what it was to have full stomachs. But the marines said they never acknowledged it, and the one who had a German accent intimated that gratitude was not a virtue of any Roman (I suppose he meant Latin) people. But I do not know that if I were a prisoner, for no fault of my own, I should be very explicitly thankful for being unusually well fed. I thought (or I think now) that a fig or a bunch of grapes would have been more acceptable to me under my own vine and fig-tree than the stew and roast of captors who were indeed showing themselves less my enemies than my own government, but were still not quite my hosts.

III.

How is it the great pieces of good luck fall to us? The clock strikes twelve as it strikes two, and with no more premonition. As we stood there expecting nothing better of it than three at the most, it suddenly struck twelve. Our officer appeared at the inner gate and bade our marines slide away the gate of barbed wire, and let us into the enclosure, where he welcomed us to seats on the grass against the stockade, with many polite regrets that the tough little knots of earth beside it were not chairs.

The prisoners were already filing out of their quarters, at a rapid trot towards the benches where those great wash-boilers of coffee were set. Each man had a soup-plate and bowl of enamelled tin, and each in his turn received quarter of a loaf of fresh bread and a big ladleful of steaming coffee, which he made off with to his place at one of the long tables under a shed at the side of the stockade. One young fellow tried to get a place not his own in the shade, and our officer when he came back explained that he was a *guerrillero*, and rather unruly. We heard that eight of the prisoners were in irons, by sentence of their own officers, for misconduct, but all save this *guerrillero* here were docile and obedient enough, and seemed only too glad to get peaceably at their bread and coffee.

First among them came the men of the *Cristóbal Colon*, and these were the best-looking of all the captives. From their pretty fair average the others varied to worse and worse, till a very scrub lot, said to be ex-convicts, brought up the rear. They were nearly all little fellows, and very dark, though here and there a six-footer towered up, or a blond showed among them. They were joking and laughing together, harmlessly enough, but I must own that they looked a crew of rather sorry jail-birds; though whether any run of humanity clad in the misfits of our navy, blue and white, and other chance garments, with close-shaven heads, and sometimes bare feet, would have looked much less like jail-birds I am not sure. Still, they were not prepossessing, and though some of them were pathetically young, they had none of the charm of boyhood. No doubt they did not do themselves justice, and to be herded there like cattle did not improve their chances of making a favorable impression on the observer. They were kindly used by our officer and his subordinates, who mixed among them, and straightened out the confusion they got into at times, and perhaps sometimes wilfully. Their guards employed a few handy words of Spanish with them; where these did not avail, they took them by the arm and directed them; but I did not hear a harsh tone, and I saw no violence, or even so much indignity offered them as the ordinary cable-car passenger is subjected to in Broadway. At a certain bugle-call they dispersed, when they had finished their bread and coffee, and scattered about over the grass, or returned to their barracks. We were told that these children of the sun dreaded its heat, and kept out of it whenever they could, even in its decline; but they seemed not so much to withdraw and hide themselves from that, as to vanish into the history of "old, unhappy, far-off" times, where prisoners of war properly belong. I roused myself with a start as if I had lost them in the past.

Our officer came toward us and said gayly, "Well, you have seen the animals fed," and let us take our grateful leave. I think we were rather a loss, in our going, to the marines, who seemed glad of a chance to talk. I am sure we were a loss to the man on guard at the inner gate, who walked his beat with reluctance when it took him from us, and eagerly when it brought him back. Then he delayed for a rapid and comprehensive exchange of opinions and ideas, successfully blending military subordination with American equality in his manner.

The whole thing was very American in the perfect decorum and the utter absence of ceremony. Those good fellows were in the clothes they wore through the fights at Santiago, and they could not have put on much splendor if they had wished, but apparently they did not wish. They were simple, straightforward and adequate. There was some dry joking about the superiority of the prisoners' rations and lodgings, and our officer ironically professed his intention of messing with the Spanish officers. But there was no grudge, and not a shadow of ill will, or of that stupid and atrocious hate toward the public enemy which abominable newspapers and politicians have tried to breed in the popular mind. There was nothing manifest but a sort of cheerful purpose to live up to that military ideal of duty which is so much nobler than the civil ideal of self-interest. Perhaps duty will yet become the civil ideal, when the peoples shall have learned to live for the common good, and are united for the operation of the industries as they now are for the hostilities.

IV.

Shall I say that a sense of something domestic, something homelike, imparted itself from what I had seen? Or was this more properly an effect from our visit, on the way back, to the hospital, where a hundred and fifty of the prisoners lay sick of wounds and fevers? I cannot say that a humaner spirit prevailed here than in the camp; it was only a more positive humanity which was at work. Most of the sufferers were stretched on the clean cots of two long, airy wooden shells, which received them, four days after the orders for their reception had come, with every equipment for their comfort. At five o'clock when we passed down the aisles between their beds many of them had a gay, nonchalant effect of having toothpicks or cigarettes in their mouths; but it was really the thermometers with which the nurses were taking their temperature. It suggested a possibility to me, however, and I asked if they were allowed to smoke, and being answered that they *did* smoke, anyway, whenever they could, I got rid at last of those boxes of cigarettes which had been burning, as it were, all afternoon in my pockets. I gave them to such as I was told were the most deserving among the sick captives, but Heaven knows I would as willingly have given them to the least. They took my largesse gravely, as became Spaniards; one said, smiling sadly, "Muchas gracias," but the others merely smiled sadly; and I looked in vain for the response which would have twinkled up in the faces of even moribund Italians at our looks of pity. Italians would have met our sympathy half-way; but these poor fellows were of another tradition, and in fact not all the Latin peoples are the same, though we sometimes conveniently group them together for our detestation. Perhaps there are even personal distinctions among their several nationalities, and there are some Spaniards who are as true and kind as some Americans. When we remember Cortez, let us not forget Las Casas.

They lay in their beds there, these little Spanish men, whose dark faces their sickness could not blanch to more than a sickly sallow, and as they turned their dull black eyes upon us, I must own that I could not "support the government" so fiercely as I might have done elsewhere. But the truth is, I was demoralized by the looks of these poor little men, who, in spite of their character of public enemies, did look so much like somebody's brothers, and even children. I may have been infected by the air of compassion, of scientific compassion, which prevailed in the place. There it was as wholly business to be kind and to cure as in another branch of the service it was business to be cruel and to kill. How droll these things are! The surgeons had their favorites among the patients, to all of whom they were equally devoted; inarticulate friendships had sprung up between them and certain of their hapless foes, whom they spoke of as "a sort of pets." One of these was very useful in making the mutinous take their medicine; another was liked apparently because he was so likable. At a certain cot the chief surgeon stopped and said, "We did not expect this boy to live through the night." He took the boy's wrist between his thumb and finger, and asked tenderly as he leaned over him, "*Poco mejor?*" The boy could not speak to say that he was a little better; he tried to smile.—Such things do move the witness; nor does the sight of a man whose bandaged cheek has been half chopped away by a *machete* tend to restore one's composure.

IV.

Since I began to write, the tidings of peace have come, and these captives will presently be sent back to their homes, such of them as do not go to their long homes. Spain has accepted such terms as we would give; she would have accepted them if they had been worse; and we may well leave those who made the war to be proud of its results. I content myself with being proud of those who fought it, for I have seen a little with my own eyes how much better the victors could be than any victory.

W. D. Howells.

THE PUERTO RICO EXPEDITION.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

On Board the U. S. S. "St. Louis," within sight of Puerto Rico, *July 31, 1898.*

It is one thing to go to war against Spain in Cuba, and another thing to go to war against Spain in Puerto Rico. Before we left the United States, General Miles had cabled that the climate and scenery were delightful in Puerto Rico. The men on the troop-ships for Puerto Rico have a different demeanor from those who sailed for Santiago from Tampa. There is not that appearance of dejection, that unconscious show of dread, that feeling that perhaps hundreds or thousands may never come back, that uncertainty whether bullets or yellow fever will be the more deadly.

The preparations for leaving for Puerto Rico were much the same as those for leaving for Cuba. This expedition started from Hampton Roads. The dark hulls of the transports stood out high above the water, the smoke poured out of the stacks of the ships, men toiled and tugged in stowing away supplies, the troops clambered aboard and growled and swore when they found that betweendecks and further below the ships were like raging furnaces. At last all was ready to start, but we did not go. It was Tuesday afternoon; we got away on Thursday. Cause for the delay? Ask Washington. Find out who is the evil genius who sometimes changes orders half a dozen times in a day and makes officers bite their lips, rather than say things contrary to military discipline, and the troops not hesitate to make remarks that would look well in print, and a mysterious puzzle will have been solved.

In England, where they have had experience in loading transports, it may be an easy thing to get one started for a campaign in a tropical country. It has not been easy in this country. One would think off-hand that the first thing would be to get your steamer and supplies at the dock, and the next would be to load ship expeditiously, just as they do in a day or two at a New York pier, and after that all that was necessary would be to march your soldiers on board, ring the signal to the engine-rooms, and off you go. You have supplies, soldiers, horses, ships' crew, on board, and there you are, watching the bow of the vessel cutting the water and leaving a wake behind, linking thoughts of home, as the tossing wake seems to stretch back to land and take hold of it, to soldier lads who have a tinge of homesickness and who are too proud even to look it.

Loading a United States transport is not so easy. Only soldiers or sailors on board? Why, here on the *St. Louis* the human freight includes post-office officials, official photographers, undertakers, planters, relatives or friends of dead or wounded heroes on a mission to bring back certain of the dead or wounded to their native land; scientific men, experts in Spanish law, artists, correspondents, and civilian friends of those high in authority on a semi-military mission, and who want to see what war is like; and then the freight. The *Massachusetts* and *Roumanian* of our expedition were to carry 1500 horses for the cavalry. They were made ready for this work in New York. When they reached Hampton Roads it was found that there was room for only about 900 horses. It was found that by packing the horses closely, as cattle are packed on freight-cars, all of them could be taken. Partitions came down, new ones were put in, and then the horses were put on board, to remain in a temperature of 120 degrees for a long sea-voyage, and with scarcely room to remove those that died on the way. It may have been cruel, but it was war, or one way of going to war on transports.

The rank and file were packed as closely as the horses. Their hammocks were new and comfortable. But how much room did they have in which to swing? Just eighteen inches. In the drill regulations of the army the width of a man is estimated at twenty-two inches. It is not pleasant to have four inches of your twenty-two cut off when you are trying to sleep in terrific heat, and the ship is rolling in the bargain. The troops on the *Roumanian* and the *City of Washington* were simply packed on board, and they suffered some. They didn't complain. Why should they? Weren't they going to war, or something resembling it—and why should

(*Continued on page 828.*)

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

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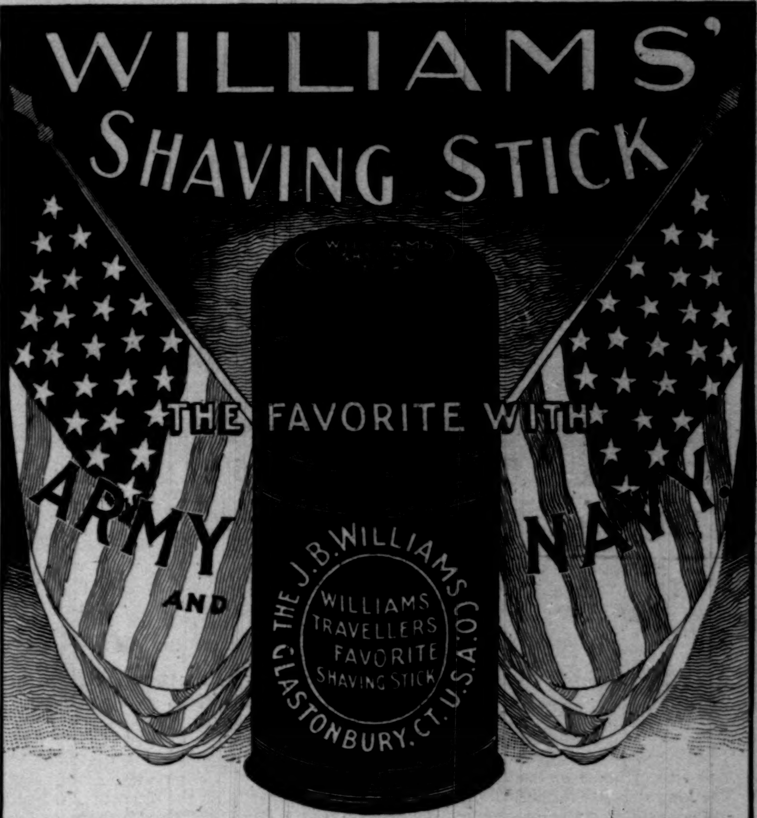
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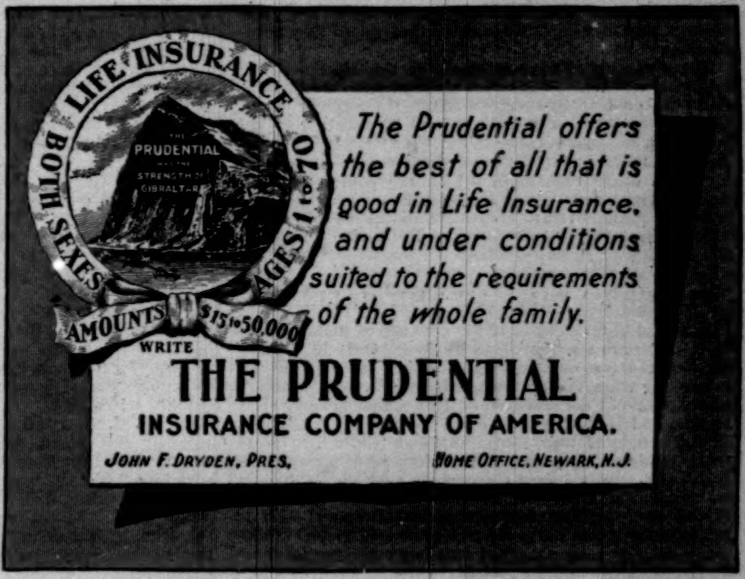

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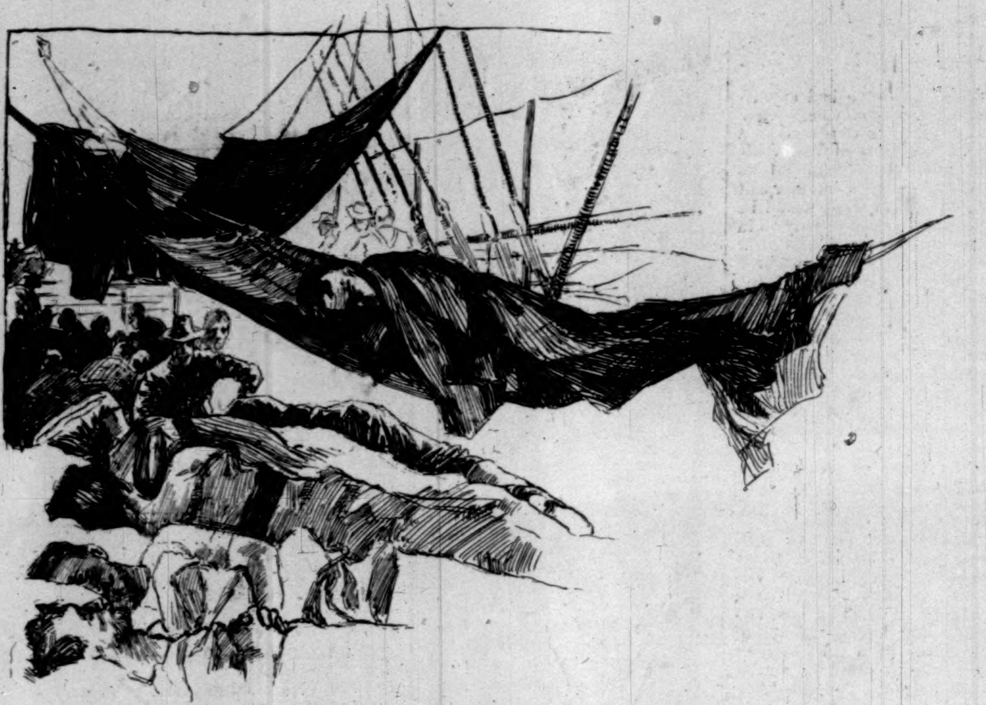


ON THE WAY TO PUERTO RICO—FEVER PATIENTS ABOARD THE "ST. LOUIS."
DRAWN BY T. DART WALKER, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

(Continued from page 827.)

they expect home or even sea comforts at such a time? The long delay and uncertainty as to starting were over, and discomfort could be endured because of that. The point of view makes a difference in the perspective.

The men on the *St. Louis* and the *St. Paul* really had some sea comforts, however. They had room in which to sleep. Then, too, these ships were scrupulously clean—at least the *St. Louis* was. Captain Goodrich of the *St. Louis* is not the kind of a man to tolerate even a suspicion of dirt. No troop-ship horrors for him! His complete forethought, in providing all requisite necessaries and in making his ship absolutely wholesome throughout, was much appreciated by all on board. The large deck space on the *St. Louis* and the *St. Paul* gave the soldiers comfort. One night proved its advantages. Sleep was impossible in the hot cabins and hotter bunks—well ventilated though the ships were. The second night found hundreds of men on the *St. Louis*, privates and officers, stretched out in a confused jumble on the spacious decks, all wrapped up in blankets. Here and there white-clad sailors picked their ways about silently. The soldiers heeded them not; their fatigue inducing the soundest kind of slumber. Nor did the troops move about much in the daytime. In fact, for three days and three nights each man seemed to lie in the same place. They were resting, simply resting; and the fact that they lay still indicated that indeed they needed rest.

There was very little seasickness on the trip down—on this ship at least. Only about a dozen fever cases were developed, a fact which reveals the thorough work of Captain Goodrich in making careful preparation of the vessel for her human cargo. The days were hot, but the nights were delightfully cool; and there were no especial incidents, other than those which are common on all military transports, where the men laugh and sing and joke and speculate as to the future, and eat and sleep and write home.

T. DART WALKER.

FIFTEEN YEARS AT THE GALLEYS.

LIKE the historic denial of the presence of snakes in Ireland, there are no galleys, to be sure. Only in *Les Misérables* and one or two even stronger studies can one appreciate what Toulon and similar convict stations were under their old dispensation of justice and horror. But Guiana and New Caledonia leave not much to be desired in the article of unhealthfulness, and few return from their hideous climates. There has just returned to France a convict named Cyvoct, after fifteen solid years of penitential misery at Nouméa. Cyvoct was "pardoned out" by President Faure last January. He is thirty-seven years old. He was sentenced to New Caledonia, in 1883, as an anarchist who had taken special share in the dastardly bomb explosion in the café on the Place Bellecour at Lyons. He obstinately denied it, and even partially proved an alibi. But the jury were excited and inflexible. Cyvoct was sentenced to death. His fate was commuted to transportation, and at twenty-two he went to Nouméa, where he has been by turns gardener, joiner, porter, and much else. He has the good fortune to find most of his family still living, and has returned to Lyons.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

(Continued from page 811.)

points. This will enable General Miles, if serious resistance is offered on the military road from Ponce to the capital, to despatch cavalry and artillery from one of the eastern ports, and thus, catching the enemy between two superior forces, to make even a strong position untenable.

And what measure of resistance *is* to be expected?.... Reports flatly contradict each other. "Captain-General Macias has instructions from Madrid not to waste the lives of his soldiers." "Captain-General Macias declares he can drive off the Americans again—as he did Sampson!" But Captain-General Macias expects to be taken—not at his word.

Saturday, August 6.—Despatches from Madrid, London, and Washington agree in the statement that a decision has been reached by the Spanish government, with the approval of the Queen-Regent and after consultation with Conservative and Liberal party leaders, to accept peace on the terms of Mr. McKinley's note. Señor Sagasta's organ, the *Correo*, observes that Spain has expended $374,800,000 and 100,000 lives during the last three years "in the futile attempt to keep its colonial empire intact." So far as money is concerned, these figures do not seem heroic, for a current (though, it is hoped, a too liberal) estimate of the cost of the four months' war to us is nearly a billion dollars.

But it is important to note that these reports of an early agreement have not yet checked military operations. "We are proceeding now on a war basis," said Secretary Alger to-day, "as if there were no negotiations for peace. . . .The provisional regiments will be sent to Cuba to take the place of Shafter's army, and all preparations will be shaped toward the Havana campaign in the fall, as if no peace negotiations were in hand."

As though in confirmation of the Secretary's statement, a message of this date from General Miles says: "General Brooke reports Hains's brigade, Fourth Ohio and Third Illinois, captured Guayama yesterday. Slight skirmish with enemy in and about town. Enemy's strength estimated about 500." A despatch to the New York *Sun* gives a lively description of the skirmish, in which three of our men were slightly wounded, and of the unconditional surrender of the town with its 16,000 inhabitants. A flag of truce had been shown, and General Hains with his staff rode through Guayama's streets. Then "all of the houses were closed, and the place looked like a deserted town. Not a person was in sight. General Hains rode to the public building, and by the time he got there the houses began to open. Everywhere heads were poked out of doors and quickly withdrawn. They were poked out again in a moment and again withdrawn, but this time the withdrawal was much slower. The third time the heads staid out, and were followed by shoulders and then bodies. Some one yelled, in a stentorian voice, 'Vivan los Americanos!' Then, as if by magic, the people came out and rushed toward the general and his staff, shouting the same words. Some prostrated themselves in the road and grabbed the Americans around the knees, while others threw their arms around the necks of the soldiers and kissed them, all the time shouting, 'Vivan los Americanos!' etc. Their enthusiasm seemed unbounded, and the scene at the surrender of Ponce was eclipsed."

Sunday, August 7.—From Guayama a portion of General Brooke's command advanced toward Cayey, the nearest point on the military road that connects Ponce with San Juan, while General Wilson has drawn nearer to the same point, proceeding along the military road from Ponce to Coamo. Simultaneous advances have been made in the western half of the island by General Schwan, who has started for Mayaguez, on the west coast, and General Henry, whose goal is Arecibo, a town on the north coast due west of the capital. If this plan is carried out successfully, all of the Spanish forces in the island will be driven back upon San Juan, and there hemmed in by our land forces, while vessels of our navy lie off the harbor, ready to bombard the place if it is not promptly surrendered.

Spain's note replying to Mr. McKinley's statement of the terms of peace was sent to Paris for transmission to Washington. The note suggests the expediency of a suspension of hostilities to make the negotiations easier. That it accepts the four preliminary conditions of peace is now admitted, but its precise terms will not be known for several days. The European edition of the *Herald* says, "In this answer the Spanish government reserves the utmost possible power of discussing details hereafter, in hopes of making better terms."

Monday, August 8.—Spain's reply, in the official correspondence relating to peace negotiations, was received at the French Embassy.

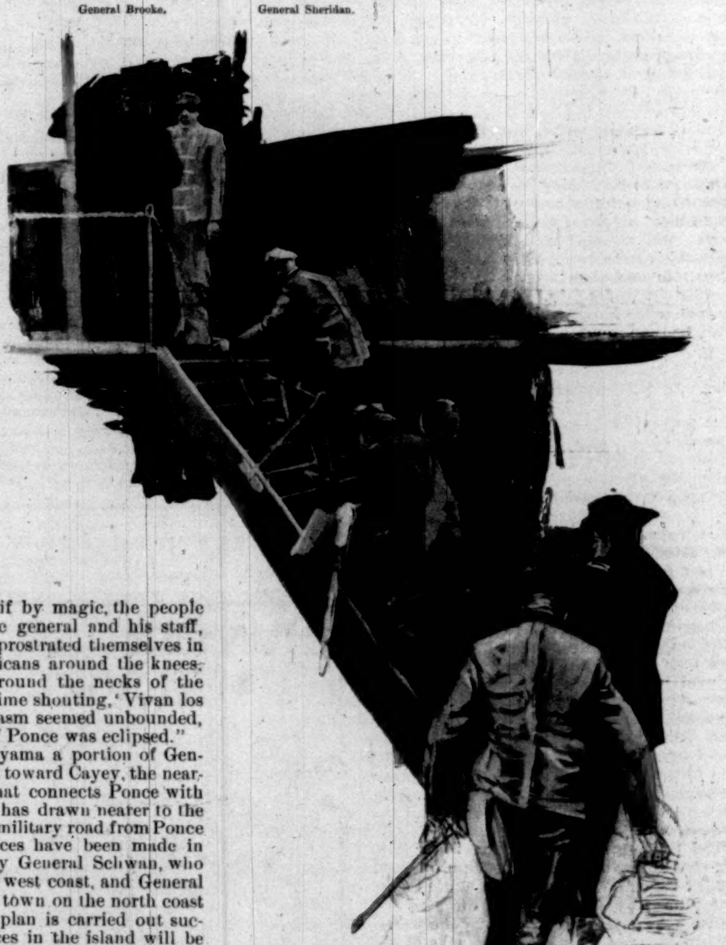
At Santiago the two armies that were hostile have been hungry together and have had the same fevers. Now they part company. General Shafter telegraphs: "*Miami*, *Mattewan*, and *Vigilancia* sailed this morning, having on board First Volunteer Cavalry [Rough Riders], First Regular Cavalry, Battery H, Fourth Artillery, Thirteenth Infantry, and Sixth Infantry." And the Quartermaster-General learned this morning that the Spanish transatlantic liner *Alicante* had arrived at Santiago, and was taking on board a thousand Spanish prisoners. The Americans are for Long Island, the Spaniards for Galicia. The sick Spaniards "were brought from the hospitals on stretchers, in wagons, and upon the backs of their comrades, often scarcely stronger than the sick men they bore. The docks were lined with officers and soldiers, who supported or carried their wives and daughters. The American wagons and ambulances brought cart-loads of miserable colorless skeletons. The steam-lighters were literally covered with the stretchers and litters. The embarkation was partly effected in the midst of a drenching rain, but absolute order was maintained, and dignified soldierly silence."

Tuesday, August 9.—The first news was received of a severe engagement between the Spaniards and Americans near Manila. General Merritt's despatch says, in part: "To gain approach to city, Greene's outposts were advanced to continue line from the Camino Real to beach. On Sunday night [July 31] Spanish attacked sharply. Artillery outposts behaved well. Held position. Necessary to call out brigade. Spanish loss rumored heavy." There was another attack the next night, and the enemy was again driven off. Our loss was thirteen killed and forty-seven wounded.

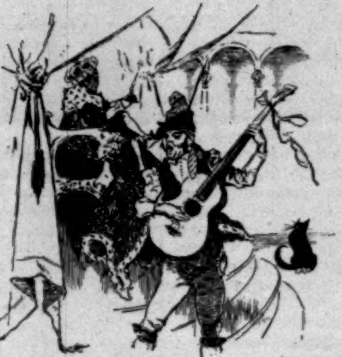
At three points in Puerto Rico there has also been fighting, to-day and yesterday. (1.) The town of Coamo was captured this morning, with a loss of seven men wounded—one fatally. On the Spanish side the commander, two captains, and nine privates were killed, thirty-five wounded, and one hundred and eighty made prisoners. (2.) At an early hour this morning eight hundred Spaniards attempted to retake the light-house at Cape San Juan, from which they retreated last week. Forty of our sailors held it, and were supported by the guns of the *Leyden*, *Amphitrite*, and *Cincinnati*. The attacking force lost heavily. (3.) Yesterday afternoon a skirmish occurred a few miles beyond Guayama. Five of the Fourth Ohio Volunteers were wounded.

Secretary Day made the following statement this afternoon: "We have agreed upon a protocol embodying the proposed terms for the negotiation of a treaty of peace, including the evacuation of Cuba and Puerto Rico, and it is expected that this protocol will be executed." In this important sentence the first word embraces three persons—Mr. McKinley, Judge Day, and M. Cambon.

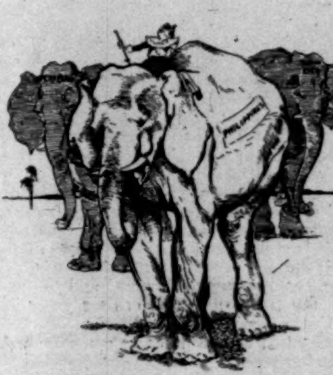
MARRION WILCOX.


General Brooke.
General Sheridan.

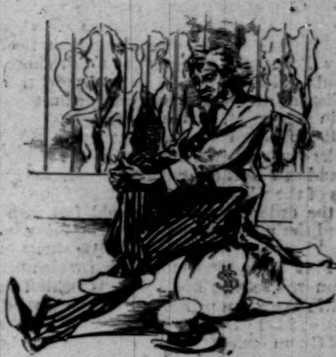
OFF FOR PUERTO RICO—GENERAL BROOKE AND STAFF GOING ABOARD THE "ST. LOUIS."
DRAWN BY T. DART WALKER, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."



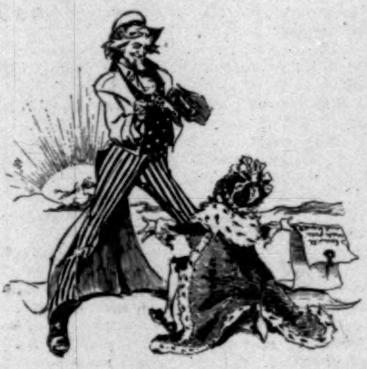
OH, there once was a King,
As minstrels sing,



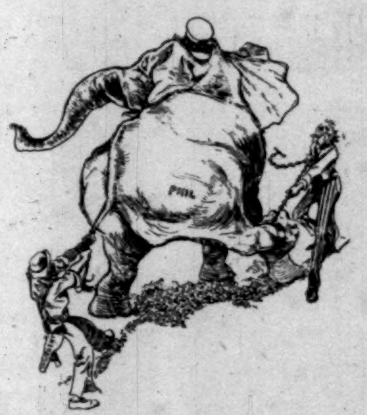
Who a herd of elephants had;



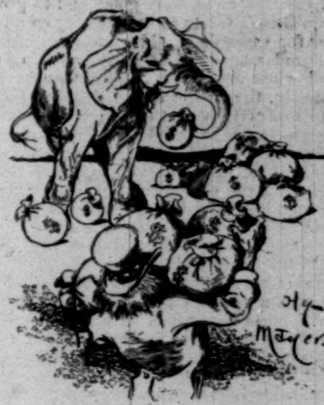
And a man next door,
But by no means poor,
He wanted an elephant *bad*.



So the very weak King
Did a very sly thing
By giving his neighbor one;



And sky-blue ruin
At once began brewin'
For that luckless Jonathan:



For the elephant ate all night!
And the elephant ate all day!
Do what he would

To furnish it food,
Its cry was still, "More hay!"
Till he tore his hair in wild despair

And piped his lachrymal glands.
Oh! he was sad because he had
That elephant on his hands.

"AN ELEPHANT ON HIS HANDS."

(THE "ELEPHANT SONG" FROM "WANG," ADAPTED TO FIT THE POSSIBLE ANNEXATION OF THE PHILIPPINES.)

THE TAKING OF GUAM.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

U. S. TRANSPORT "AUSTRALIA," EN ROUTE TO MANILA.
AT SEA, *June 14*.

IF any venturesome individual contemplates a voyage on a troop-ship which he can just as well avoid, there is one word which covers the whole situation—don't! The prospect has allurements for any possessor of a roving foot. But if he is also the possessor of an appreciation of personal cleanliness and comfort, he will let his restless foot ache unsatisfied.

Life "runs large" on a troop-ship—or rather it runs at large—at least on this trooper. Some of it, in fact, does not run; it crawls. Mattresses go overboard, blankets are dragged in the sea for hours at a time, bichloride of mercury in strong solution adds to the repulsing influences of carbolic acid, the steam-boilers boil and boil, and blue shirts and soldier trousers go into them in an endless stream, and are fished out again, and yet that crawling life keeps on crawling. It advances with irresistible tenacity. It has crawled out of the steerage, up the after-companionway, up over the superstructure to the hurricane-deck, and is just aft of the main companionway. The fo'c's'le has surrendered to it; and in their little restricted space just forward of amidships the officers are making their last stand—and Manila is still two weeks away.

Life begins early in the day on this troop-ship. Four o'clock starts the sailor-men to washing down the decks. God knows the decks need it—they need it every hour! The soldiers follow the sailors, a few accompanying them, for there is a shower from the hose to be had that way. Then, no sooner is the hurricane-deck scrubbed down than the morning dancing class meets, directly over the heads of the officers. Why that is endured is one of the "things no feller can find out" which abound on this ship. After the dance, the hurricane-deck is settled at once for the next twenty-four hours. Breakfast is served there to the lucky fellows who have captured places. What they don't want of the breakfast—potato skins, and hardtack, and a few grease spots by way of decoration, with perhaps a bit of bacon—they throw on the deck. The magazines they read they use on one another's heads when they grow weary of reading. This is rough on the bindings, but it adds to the litter and increases the picturesque effect. As the day progresses cigars and cigarettes, half smoked or more, with a liberal amount of tobacco juice, are added to the mess. An occasional fight stirs things up for a few minutes, but the excitement dies out when the combatants are haled to the guard-house.

The galley of this ship, and the steam-room, where the "grub" of the soldiers is cooked, would make the fortune of any man who had it in New York. It's the finest thing in the Turkish-bath line ever produced, and it reeks with more odors than ever arose from an August meeting of sweat-shop strikers. Its energy is something tremendous. It pervades the ship, and in the quiet northeast trades, which blow just as fast as we go, so that we have no breeze whatever, the ramifications of that galley possess our little world—and Manila is two weeks away.

It is hot, and that's not in the least surprising. In latitude 15°, north or south, one expects to find high temperature, and he is not disappointed. Also it is humid. That too is to be expected at sea. A large fortune awaits the man who will discover an expedient for making it otherwise. Why should one complain, if it is hot, when there is ice? It is easy to make ice. All one needs is a machine. The most beautiful ice-machine mortal ingenuity ever contrived is a part of the fitting of this ship. With perfect simplicity, infallible regularity, and absolute incorruptibility it jams the temperature down to 38 degrees, and there it sticks. The warm salt seas that swash over the forecastle when she rolls—and she's a beauty at rolling, the finest in the Pacific—trickle down the fore-hatch into the commissary's improvised cold-storage room, and those seventy tons of ice he put in at Honolulu, at $15 a ton, ooze out in little streams. O glorious ice-machine! Some day some philanthropist will buy that machine and take it over to the Sahara. He will set it up beside an oasis, and make the desert so cold that the sand-fleas will evolute into polar bears. But there is even a hope that we shall be in Manila before that.

More men live in smaller space, aboard our war-ships than there are, in proportion, on this ship, and the gleaming sides of the ships of the "White Squadron" were not more immaculately clean than their interiors. It is not the crowd, but the crowd's habits. And such habits can be stopped if there are officers who care or can command. If an officer happens, however, to think that letting his men wallow in filth is looking out for their comfort, so that the only way to make his men take proper care of themselves is for the general to see to it himself, it complicates matters, for the general is the last person on the ship to hear of such things. They do not happen on the ship where the regulars are. Last Sunday the chaplain preached to the men that "cleanliness is next to godliness," and the men whom he most wanted to reach sat on the outskirts of the crowd and played cards.

About the discomforts legitimately incident to the sort of trip we're making there is not the least complaint, but there is scarcely one of the things that are making life aboard this transport a little hell that could not have been prevented, that cannot be remedied, or for which there is the least excuse.

Monday, June 27.

To-day's observation showed us to be in latitude 17° 9′ north, longitude 126° 26′ east. Three days more, perhaps only two, and we shall see the flags waving over Dewey's ships in Manila Bay. It has been a long, hard trip, broken only twice—at Honolulu and at San Luis d'Apra—but each was a memorable occasion. It was the day after we left Honolulu that we first heard of Guam. That day Captain Glass of the *Charleston*, which has convoyed the troop-ships from the Hawaiian Islands, opened the sealed orders which he had been instructed to read when out of sight of land after leaving Honolulu. These orders directed him to call at Guam, one of the Mariana, or Ladrone, Islands, capture the governor and all officials and soldiers, and destroy any fortifications at Agaña, the capital, or in the harbor of San Luis d'Apra, the port of Agaña.

The message from Captain Glass wigwagged to the transports, making public these orders, stirred up a lot of enthusiasm among the soldiers. Straightway charts and Pacific directories were hauled out and studied for information about the Ladrones and Guam. But it quickly became apparent that most of our information would be obtained by personal contact, for the directories knew precious little. The ships held a steady and uninterrupted course toward the little island, unbroken by the sight of a single sail, and varied only by the occasional target practice of the *Charleston*, until the afternoon of June 15, when there was a time. The practice of the cruiser had been particularly interesting, as it indicated—or we thought it did, and that served as well—that Captain Glass expected to have to use his guns in capturing Guam. But this afternoon it was not subcalibre at boxes tossed over from the *Peking* and floating by, but regular practice with the big guns, and service charges, at a regular pyramidal cloth target set adrift from the cruiser herself. This surely was preliminary to fort-destruction. Besides this practice, there was a conference of all the captains and General Anderson on the *Australia*, and arrangements for the attack on Guam were completed.

Considering the fact that the *Charleston's* crew is composed largely of green men, the shooting was very good. The range was about two miles, and every shot would have struck a ship, except possibly the first. Two rounds were fired from each of the 6-inch guns in the port and starboard broadside batteries, and from the bow and stern 8-inch rifles. Captain Glass was greatly pleased with the practice.

Early on the morning of Monday, June 20, land was seen. The convoy had come to the westward of the island of Guam, thereby avoiding the signal station at Point Ritidian, and caught sight first of the rocky shore north of Agaña Bay. The *Charleston* cleared for action, and with the men at general quarters went into Agaña Bay to look around. The morning was thick with frequent rain squalls, which blotted out everything even at a short distance from the ship. The *Charleston* went boldly into the harbor, and as close to the shore line as the dangerous coral reefs would allow, but the bay was empty. Then down past Devil's Point and Apepas Island she steamed, with the transports trailing behind and half a mile or more further out to sea.

As the cruiser passed Apepas Island her officers made out, over the low-lying rock, the spars of a vessel at anchor in the bay of San Luis d'Apra. Apepas Island cleared, the vessel showed full and white, and Captain Glass thought he had a Spanish gunboat, but she set the Japanese flag as soon as she made out the war-ship, and proved to be the copra-trading brigantine *Minatogawa*, of Tokio. The cruiser went on past Luminan Reefs, and turned in by Point Orote, along the north shore of the little peninsula. The cliffs rise sharp out of the water, like the Palisades of the Hudson, and against them the *Charleston*, in war-paint, was hardly visible. Old Fort S. Iago, on the point, dismantled long ago, made no opposition to the cruiser's advance, but as she rounded the next point, and saw Fort Santa Cruz ahead, hope revived in the hearts of the silent men at the guns. Then Captain Glass gave the order to try out the old fort with the 3-pounders, and the men were happy. The firing began at 3000 yards, and for four minutes the little shells burst in and around Fort Santa Cruz in a fashion which made the solitary Chamorro setting his fish-traps behind the fort row for his life to get out of range. Thirteen shells were fired, the last at 2600 yards, and there being no response, the action of Guam ended. The troop-ships could see but not hear the shooting, and every shell got a round of wild cheers.

The shelling of Santa Cruz brought a fairly prompt response in the persons of Lieutenant Garcia Gutierrez, of the Spanish navy, captain of the port of San Luis d'Apra, and Dr. Romero of the Spanish army, health officer, who rowed out in their boats, flying the Spanish flag, to see if the health of the *Charleston* were good, and to promise to return Captain Glass's salute as soon as they could borrow some powder for a couple of old guns they had ashore. They were thunderstruck at being informed of the real situation, and when told that Manila was in Dewey's hands, practically, the Spanish fleet destroyed, and that they were prisoners of war, they were most unhappy. Francis Portusac, a native of Guam and an Agaña merchant, who was naturalized in Chicago in 1888, was with the officials to act as interpreter, but Captain Glass used him more as a bureau of information about the island. Finally the captain paroled the Spaniards for the day, and sent them away in their boats with a verbal message to the governor, Lieutenant-Colonel Don José Marina y Vega, to hurry up and pay his official call. That evening Governor Marina sent Captain Glass a message to the effect that the military regulations of Spain forbade him to set foot on a foreign vessel, but he would be pleased to see the captain at his office in the morning. Captain Glass replied that he would see the governor himself, or send an officer to represent him.

The next morning Lieutenant William Braunersreuther, the navigator of the *Charleston*, with Ensign Waldo Evans and five men, went ashore. Lieutenant Braunersreuther carried a formal note to the governor from Captain Glass, which gave him thirty minutes in which to surrender unconditionally. The guns of the *Charleston* were ready to enforce the demands. Lieutenant Braunersreuther met the governor at the landing-place at the native village of Piti. With the governor were Captain Duarte of the Spanish army, his secretary, the port captain, Lieutenant Gutierrez, and Dr. Romero. In presenting the note from Captain Glass, Lieutenant Braunersreuther said, in Spanish:

"I have the honor to present a communication from my commandant. I am authorized to wait one half-hour for your reply. In presenting this communication I call your attention to the fact that we have, as you see, three large ships in the harbor, and a fourth [the *Sydney* had remained outside] outside ready to come in. One of these ships is a modern war-vessel of high power, with large guns. The others are transports full of soldiers. We have a large force here. I call your attention to these facts in order that you may not make any hasty or ill-considered reply to the note of my commandant."

Governor Marina bowed and thanked Lieutenant Braunersreuther, took the note, and retired with his staff into his office. From its window, if he chanced to look out, he could see the steam-launch of the *Charleston* towing a string of boats full of men up toward the landing-place. In the boats were Lieutenant Myers, U.S.M.C., of the *Charleston*, with forty marines from the ship, and part of Company A, Second Oregon, Captain H. L. Heath, from the *Australia*. This was the first detachment of the landing force General Anderson and Captain Glass had agreed on the night before. The rest of Company A, and Company D, Captain A. T. Prescott, were waiting on the *Australia* for the launch to return and tow them to land. To their intense disgust, not a man of them set foot on land. The first detachment tied up to the Japanese brigantine while the launch went back for the rest, and before it came back the work had all been done.

For twenty-nine minutes Lieutenant Braunersreuther waited, watch in hand, for the reply. Then Governor Marina came out of his office with a sealed letter addressed to Captain Glass. "It is for your commandant," he said, as Lieutenant Braunersreuther broke it open. "I represent my commandant here," was the reply. Governor Marina had written:

> Sir,—In the absence of any notification from my government concerning the relations of war between the United States and Spain, and without any means of defence, or the possibility of defence in the face of such a large opposing force, I feel compelled, in the interests of humanity and to save life, to make a complete surrender of all under my jurisdiction. Trusting to your mercy and justice,
>
> I have the honor to be, etc., etc.

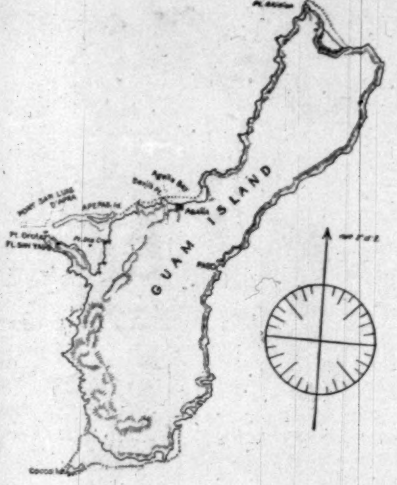
So Guam was surrendered, with all the Mariana Islands. The unhappy governor had no notion that the force which had threatened him was intended really for Manila, and thought that it had been sent out solely against the Mariana group. He had but fifty-four Spanish regulars and a company of Chamorros, and was, as he said, quite without means of making a defence. Lieutenant Braunersreuther required him to write an order to Lieutenant Ramos, in command of the troops at Agaña, to have them on the pier at Piti, with all arms, accoutrements, and ammunition, and the four Spanish flags in the island, at four o'clock that afternoon. That done, the governor wrote a long farewell to his wife, telling her to send his clothing and personal effects to Piti at once. He offered the letter to Lieutenant Braunersreuther to read, as he had done the order to Lieutenant Ramos. The *Charleston's* officer waved the letter away, and said,

"No, no; that is not for me."

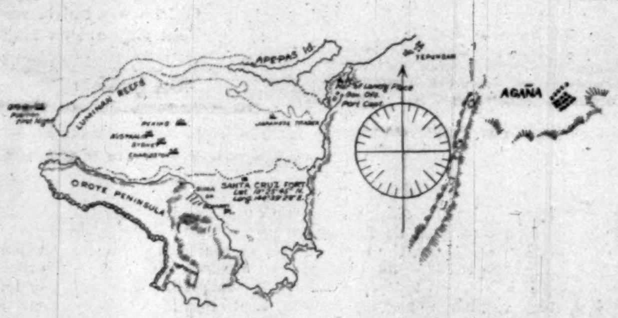
Apparently that courtesy was more than the governor had expected. He put his head down on his desk and fairly broke down and cried. When he regained his composure, he and his staff took places in the *Charleston's* boat, and were taken aboard the cruiser. On the way the boat passed the two detachments of the landing-party, and ordered them back to the *Australia*.

Soon after the arrival of the prisoners on the *Charleston*, Captain Glass took a large United States flag and went in his barge to Fort Santa Cruz, where he hoisted the stars and stripes on the old Spanish staff. As the first broad red stripe rose over the ruined battlements, the six-inch rifles of the *Charleston* roared out the national salute. Formal possession had been taken of Guam. At the same time the bands on the *Australia* and *Peking* played the "Star-spangled Banner," and the soldiers and sailors on the troop-ships and cruiser gave three times three for Uncle Sam's new island.

The *Sydney* had been ordered to come in from outside the reef, and as soon as Captain Glass got back from raising the flag over Santa Cruz, he made arrangements with Captain Pillsbury, with General Anderson's permission, to quarter his prisoners on the transport. Lieutenant Braunersreuther then took the *Charleston's* marines, under Lieutenant Myers, and with Ensign Evans and Dr. Farenholt went into Piti to receive the surrender of the Spanish soldiers. The troops were waiting for him in the boat-house at the landing-place. With Lieutenant Ramos in command was Lieutenant Berruezo, both of the Spanish naval infantry. The company of regulars was drawn up in line on one side of the boat-house, and on the other side, facing them, were the fifty-four Chamorros. The regulars were armed with '96 model Mausers, and had two great boxes of ammunition. The natives carried Remington 45-90's, and had about two bushels of cartridges loose in a big box.



GUAM ISLAND.



DISPOSITION OF AMERICAN FLEET AT THE SURRENDER OF GUAM.

Lieutenant Myers took his marines through the boat-house, and formed them in line facing the water. The left of the line moved forward left oblique, turning the flank of the boat-house, and the Spaniards were helpless in a trap, if they had cherished any notion of making a last stand. But they had not. At Lieutenant Braunersreuther's command the regulars stepped forward, man by man, to Ensign Evans, who stood near the landing-stage, broke open their rifles, and showed them to be not loaded, then handed them to him. As Ensign Evans passed the guns on to bluejackets, who stowed them in one of the *Charleston's* boats, the soldiers passed over their belts, bayonets, and other accoutrements. When the regulars had been thus disarmed and had re-formed in line, the natives went through the same form.

Then Lieutenant Braunersreuther stepped out in front of the marines, followed by the two Spanish officers. The marines presented arms, and the Spaniards gave their swords and their revolvers to Lieutenant Braunersreuther.

Then the Spanish regulars learned for the first time that they were to be held as prisoners. Lieutenant Braunersreuther told them that they might say good-by to the Chamorros. There was a great outcry and much embracing. The natives could hardly repress the evidences of their satisfaction, and as soon as they were sure that they were to be set free from the Spanish yoke, they began ripping the Spanish buttons off their uniforms and the little insignia of their service from their collars. Buttons and collar marks they threw away by handfuls, and the *Charleston's* marines and bluejackets picked them up as souvenirs. The Chamorros took the farewell messages of their old comrades and scattered. Then the Spaniards were put in a big barge and taken out to the *Charleston*. The two officers and the four Spanish flags went in Lieutenant Braunersreuther's boat. The *Sydney* had anchored near the *Charleston* by this time, and all the prisoners were put aboard her at once. The officers were put two in a state-room, and the men were sent below. Armed guards watched them while the ship was in the harbor, but they all had plenty of freedom to move about. The officers' baggage came out to the ship the next morning, and some of the clothing of the men. The captured ammunition consisted of fifty-four Mauser and fifty-four Remington rifles, with belts, cartridge-boxes, and bayonets, 7500 rounds of Mauser ammunition, and about as much for the Remingtons.

While this was going on, the *Charleston* had been taking coal from the *Peking*. It was put in sacks in the *Peking's* bunkers, hoisted into a boat, and towed over to the cruiser. There the sacks were hoisted on board and dumped into the bunkers, and then they were sent back for more. Working constantly for two days, the cruiser got 125 tons from the troop-ship, and on the morning of Wednesday, June 22, four weeks from the day we left San Francisco, we were ready to leave Guam on the last stretch of the road to Manila.

The island of Guam is the largest and most populous of the Mariana group. When the great Magellan discovered the islands in the early part of the sixteenth century he called them the Lateens, from the lateen sails of the prahms of the thieving inhabitants. Afterward the piratical propensities of the natives so impressed the Spaniards that they called the islands the Ladrones, or thieves' islands. The name Mariana was given to them finally in honor of Maria Anna of Austria, widow of Philip IV. of Spain. The first conquest by the Spaniards practically destroyed all the natives, and the people who now make their homes in the Ladrones are mostly of Malay origin. There are between 8000 and 12,000 of them on the island of Guam. They live mostly in small villages of from forty to sixty houses along the coast; but Agaña is a place of perhaps 4000 inhabitants, with stone buildings of considerable pretension. The village of Suma, or Somayi, on the point opposite where the *Charleston* lay, was the only one, besides Piti at the landing-place, visited by this expedition. There was not time, in Captain Glass's opinion, to go into Agaña.

Suma has about sixty houses, a few of them of stone, but mostly of a heavy dark red wood that looks like mahogany, which the natives call "iffet." Nearly all the men in Suma speak a little English, which they have picked up from American whalers, which call at San Luis d'Apra, as the port is called, for wood, water, and fruit. The first stories of the stone houses of Suma are used as storehouses and pig-pens. The living-rooms are on the second floor. The wooden houses are built up on posts, so that the floor is about four feet from the ground. Back of each house there is a lean-to, similarly built up from the ground, and connected with the house by a running-board at the floor-level. This lean-to has a sort of forge-fireplace in one corner, where the cooking is done. The village is laid off in regular squares of small blocks. The streets are straight and fairly clean; those running east and west are broad, but the others are narrow. The roofs of all the houses are made of a thatch of cocoanut-palm leaves, on bamboo rafters and stringers. Usually there are but four houses in a block, each with its little back yard and outlying kitchen, surrounded by its own picket fences. In some blocks there is also a stone bake-oven, shaped like a bee-hive, and protected by a thatched roof. At the end of the main street there is an old stone church, about forty feet long by twenty wide, before the altar of which there never ceases to burn a cocoanut-oil lamp. Beside the church stands the Escuela Publica, also built of stone, where the old Spanish padre, who spends half his time in Agat, across the Orote Peninsula, teaches the Chamorro children when he is in Suma.

The Chamorros are mostly small in stature. They are not so flat of feature as the Hawaiians, and there is more red in the color of their skins. Some of the men are exactly of the shade of polished copper. Their hands are small and slender; but their feet, from constantly going barefoot and much wading over coral reefs, are large and thick and tough. The women, especially the younger ones, are rather good-looking, and some of them are strikingly handsome. The men wear thin cotton clothes, usually just a sort of blouse-shirt and short trousers, with hats made of cocoanut-palm leaves, more tough and durable than a Panama, or even a Kona hat from Hawaii. The little pot-bellied children wear a single coatlike garment of thin cotton, usually unbuttoned all the way to the throat. The women wear a one-piece garment wrapped about them, and tied in a knot over the right hip. Their hair is long, straight, and glossy black, and their eyes a soft, beautiful, deep brown.

The land in Guam is of a reddish clayey nature, and very fertile. The natives grow sugar-cane, rice, corn, and mellons. Cocoanuts, pineapples, bananas, limes, lemons, oranges, and bread-fruit grow wild in greatest profusion. It rains nearly all the time—half a dozen squalls of from ten to thirty minutes every day—but no one minds that. It keeps the temperature down and makes everything grow. It is a fine coffee country—but there is almost no attention paid to the industry. The principal product is copra. The Spanish have taxed the life out of everything. Every birth, death, burial, marriage, is taxed; every sale, every killing of a hog or chicken or beef, pays something. It costs seventy-five cents a head every six months simply to exist. Under decent laws it will take small energy to accumulate a fortune in Guam, and the climate is as fair as that of Honolulu.

Oscar King Davis.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHY.

The youthful Queen Wilhelmine of Holland some years ago had misbehaved to her governess, an English lady. The governess, as a penance, bade her unruly pupil draw a sketch map of Europe, with the principal cities and natural features indicated. In course of an hour the young culprit presented herself and her map to the task-master. Holland was drawn with vastly disproportioned territory and careful detail. England was represented as an island too small in size for anything but its name; Ireland was made rather more significant; and across the margin of the work was written, "The actual English territory is too limited to allow details.—W." The sentiments of the governess are not of record.

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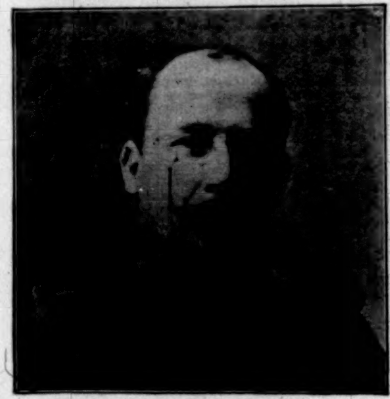

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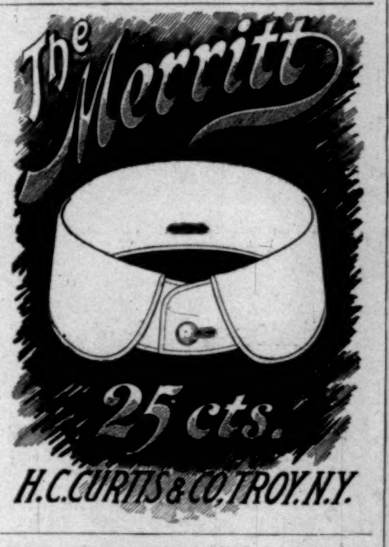
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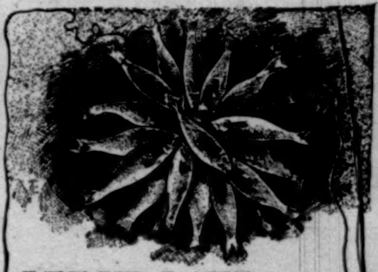

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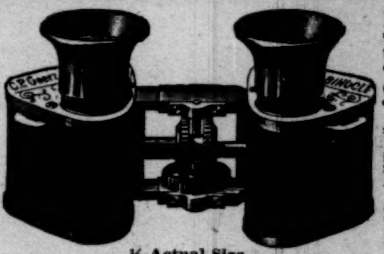

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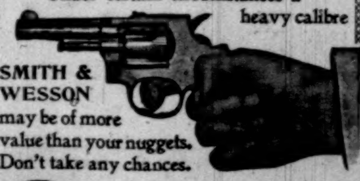

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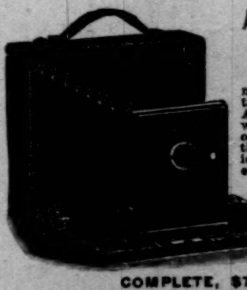

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